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SILEX SCINTILLANS.



SILEX SCINTILLANS.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN

(SILURIST).

*Being a Facsimile of the First Edition,
published in 1650,*

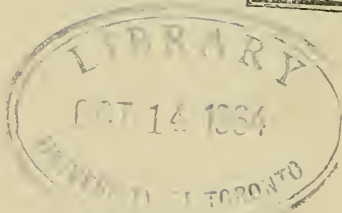
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. WILLIAM CLARE, B.A. (ADFLAIDE).



LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1885.

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Introduction.

THE genesis of this little volume is soon told. The present writer, during a residence abroad of some ten years, having received in reply to all inquiries for a copy of Vaughan's Poems the uniform answer that they were "out of print," resolved that when he should visit England he would suggest to some publisher the desirability of reissuing the works of so true, but, as it seemed, so unappreciated a poet. Having in his possession a copy of the First Edition of the "Silex Scintillans," he felt that a facsimile of that volume would be an acceptable addition to Mr. Stock's series of facsimiles, the more so as in that series had been published "The Temple" of George Herbert. The needful arrangements having been made, the lovers of our Sacred Poetry may set side by side, and in their original forms, what is deepest and most sacred in the utterance of these kindred souls.

*The following is believed to be a complete
list*

list of the previous editions of the "*Silex Scintillans*."

1. *SILEX SCINTILLANS*; or, *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silurist*. London, printed by J. W. for H. Blunden, 1650.
2. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. The Second Edition. In two Books*, by Henry Vaughan, *Silurist*. London, printed by Henry Crips and Lodowick Lloyd, 1655.
3. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with Memoir* by Rev. H. F. Lyte. London: Pickering, 1847.
4. *The Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with a Memoir* by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1856.
5. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Henry Vaughan. London: Bell and Daldy, 1858.
6. (*Fuller Worthies Library*.) *The Works in Verse and Prose Complete, of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. For the first time collected and edited, etc.*, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, in four volumes. Printed for private circulation, 1871.
7. *Silex Scintillans, etc.: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Henry Vaughan, "*Silurist*," with a Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. London: George Bell and Sons, 1883.

Of the first of these it is not necessary to say anything, as the reader now holds an exact facsimile of it in his hand; the few occasional misprints being of course reproduced as accurately as any of the text.

The

The Edition of 1655, as is evident by comparison, consists of the unsold copies of that of 1650, with other poems added, entitled *Silex Scintillans*, Part 2. The pagination of the second part is quite independent of that of the first. The engraved frontispiece, which forms so striking a feature of the first edition, is not found in the second; but there is added an "Author's Preface," and an arrangement of Scripture texts setting forth the author's sickness, recovery, or at least his partial recovery, and suggesting that the volume of poems is his thankoffering. Two slight dedicatory poems complete the additions. The only alterations are in the poem on "Isaac's Marriage," where for the reading given in lines 11 and 12, page 20, we find—

*But being for a bride prayer was such
A decryed course sure it prevail'd not much.*

In line 14 "dull" is read instead of "corse."
Line 19 runs—

*When conscience by lewd use had not lost sense,
and lines 5 and 6, page 21—*

*But in a Virgin's native blush and fears
Fresh as those roses which the day spring wears.*

By a close comparison it is seen that the four pages 19-22 of the first edition have
been

been removed, and replaced in the so-called second by four others, in which these alterations are made.

From this time a period of nearly two hundred years elapsed before another edition of *Vaughan* was given to the world, and it seems that in the meantime he was forgotten, except that here and there some stray copy may have fallen into hands that cherished it, as, for instance, to our lasting gain, into the hands of *Wordsworth*. Since the discovery that *Wordsworth* had in his scanty library a copy of the *Silex Scintillans*, well read and with notes in his own handwriting, it is no longer a matter of conjecture that his thought was largely influenced by that of *Vaughan*, or that the "Retreat" has provided, so to speak, the groundplan of the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." During the eighteenth century the genius of *Vaughan* lay buried like his own "Hidden Flower," but in the Ode of *Wordsworth* it lives again a glorified and assuredly an immortal life. The only thing to be regretted in connexion with *Wordsworth's* translation of the "Retreat" into his own larger utterance, is that he did not complete the work, by making the closing thought of the "Retreat" the closing thought also of the Ode. The abrupt suggestiveness

suggestiveness of the former is to our mind more beautiful than the melancholy splendour, as of one of Turner's sunsets, of the latter. It is more beautiful and more satisfying to think with Vaughan that we may go back to God, as we came from Him, with the hearts of little children, that our latest days may be as our earliest, heaven round about us, our thoughts white and celestial, no longer looking back indeed to that glory whence we came, but forward to that glory whither we go; than with Wordsworth to find our rest

*In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.*

Though some of our poet's thought thus found speech in Wordsworth, it was meet that his own voice should be heard again speaking in all things his true self. Welcome therefore was Mr. Lyte's edition of 1847, with its admirable biographical sketch. His book is practically a reprint of the editions of 1650-55, with some "Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations" from a volume entitled "Thalia Rediviva." The editing is not indeed perfect, but the errors are so few that there can be no other verdict upon
the

the book than one of pure commendation and gratitude. Before us is a complete list of the variations between the text of this edition and that of 1650. The most noticeable are the titles which Mr. Lyte has supplied to the untitled poems. The misprints are corrected, but there are other alterations which are not improvements. For instance, In passing is substituted for passing on page 16, line 10, and Afar for Far, page 47, line 2, alterations which Mr. Lyte no doubt supposed to be required by the metre, but which do not show much ear for the music of the verse. Again, he gives us on page 56, line 26, "If not a very devill worse than beast," forgetting that with the old writers "devill," like "evil," may be a monosyllable, and that Vaughan wrote correctly, "If not a very devill worse than a beast." And on line 17 of the same page, he has inserted two syllables to make up the required number of feet. Then we have rills for drills, page 33, line 17; concert for confort, page 62, line 3, where Mr. Lyte's word may be a better one but is not Vaughan's; sentrie for centrie, page 47, line 3; and wind for winds, page 1, line 6, in deference to the rhyme. If these are some of the principal alterations,

alterations, it will be seen that Mr. Lyte's edition is fairly correct.

Of this the edition of Boston, 1856, and of London, 1858, are reproductions, except that in the latter we find the readings of 1655 in the poem on "Isaac's Marriage." Then followed, in 1868, in the Fuller Worthies Library, edited by Mr. Grosart, the only edition we have of Vaughan's complete Works in Prose and Verse. Mr. Grosart, it is hardly needful to say, has reproduced the author's text with the utmost care and fidelity, no alteration being made without the original reading being given in a footnote, together with some reasons for the change.

It only remains to notice Messrs. G. Bell & Son's Aldine Edition of 1883, by which Vaughan's title is at last recognised to a place in a standard collection of British poets. This is Mr. Lyte's text again, but corrected by the original. A few of Mr. Lyte's variations have been, however, allowed to remain, amongst which are rills for drills, concert for consort, and the unhappy *Afar* in the line "Far beyond the stars."

—It is a pity, too, that in reprinting with this edition Mr. Lyte's memoir, admirable as it is, the statement should be continued
that

that Herbert was Vaughan's model in poetry, or that the "Silex Scintillans" was composed in imitation of the "Temple." The resemblances, so far as we can see, are these: Vaughan's "Son-days" is similar in style, though every way, as we think, superior to Herbert's "Sunday." In his "Disorder and Frailty" we find the final rhymes managed in a way that just reminds us of the "mend my rhyme" of the "Deniall," and in "REPENTANCE" we find Vaughan transferring to his own page some expressions from Herbert's "Aaron" (see page 21, lines 3, 4, and 8); but where in Herbert have we anything like two lines close by:

*I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,
Growing o'ernight and gone to-morrow?*

Vaughan no doubt was indebted to Herbert for much in his character and inner life; but his genius as a poet was all his own, and one which kept him freer from the foibles of his time than was Herbert. He wrote poetry before, as well as after, the influence of Herbert became a power in his life; and though in the later poems the subjects are changed, yet the genius is the same.

For those who care to look up the literature of our subject, we may mention Mr.
George

George MacDonald's notice of Vaughan in his delightful little book, "England's Antiphon"; also a paper by Mr. J. R. Green, the first he is known to have published, in the first number of the "Druid," a Jesus College magazine, which is of value chiefly from the account which it gives of the condition of Jesus College, and of Oxford generally, during the stirring years of Vaughan's residence; if, indeed, its chief value be not rather as revealing one stage in the development of the genius and style of the historian.

WILLIAM CLARE.

London, 1885.



Title page of 1654 ~~copy~~ is this
is given in Gossart. 1.

Siles Scirillans:

Second

Poems

and private

Ejaculations

The second Edition, in two Books

By Henry Vaughan, Silurist.

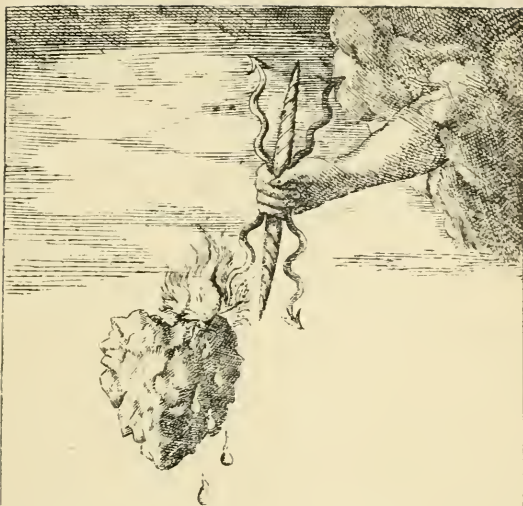
J.R. cl. 35, v. 10, 1.

Where is God my Maker, do you think
He might?

Who thinketh as more than the bracke of the earth,
Smacketh as wiser than the fowls of heaven?

[So q. in AV. in diff. (B. in
production]

[Edition 387 given in B55 title page, but
the date not given in B55 title page (see Gossart)]



Silex Scintillans:

OR
SACRED POEMS
and
Private Ejaculations
By
Henry Vaughan Silunst

LONDON Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden
at J. Cushe in Cornhill . 1650





The Dedication.

MY God thou that didst dye for me,
These thy deaths fruits I offer thee.
Death that to me was life, and light
But darke. and deep pangs to thy sight.

Some drops of thy all-quickning bloud
Fell on my heart, these made it bud
And put forth thus though, Lord, before
The ground was curs'd, and void of store.

Indeed, I had some here to hire
Which long resisted thy desire,
That ston'd thy Servants and did move
To have thee murther'd for thy Love.
But. Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent
Begge thou wouldst take thy Tenants Rent.



Silex Scintillans, &c.

Regeneration.



Ward, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad,
It was high-spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade,
Yet, was it frost within,
And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
Like Clouds eclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus ; I straight perceiv'd my spring
Meere stage, and snow,
My waike a monstrous, mountain'd thing
Rough-cast with Rocks, and snow
And as a Pilgrims Eye
Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye
Then drops, and rains for grieve,

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still, at last
'Twixt steps, and falls
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
I found a paire of scales,
I rooke them up and layd
In th'one late paines,
The other smoake, and pleasures weigh'd
But prov'd the heavier graines ;

4.

With that, some cryed, *Away* ; straight I
Obey'd, and led
Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy
Some call'd it, *Jacobs Bod* ;

A 4

A Virgin-soile, which no
 Rude feet ere trod,
 Where (since he stept there,) only go
 Prophets, and friends of God.

5.

Here, I repos'd ; but scarce well set,
 A grove descryed
 Of stately height, whose branches met
 And mixt on every side ;
 I entred, and once in
 (Amaz'd to see'r,)
 Found all was chang'd, and a new spring
 Did all my senses greet ;

6.

The unthrift Sunne shot vitall gold
 A thousand peeces,
 And heaven its azure did unfold
 Checqu'd with snowie fleeces,
 The aire was all in spice
 And every bush
 A garland wore ; Thus fed my Eyes
 But all the Eare lay hush.

7.

Only a little Fountain lent
 Some use for Eares,
 And on the dumbe shades language spent
 The Musick of her teares ;
 I drew her neere, and found
 The Cisterne full
 Of divers stones, some bright, and round
 Others ill-shap'd, and dull.

8.

The first (pray marke,) as quick as light
 Danc'd through the fload,
 But, th'last more heavy then the night
 Nail'd to the Center stood,
 I wonder'd much, but try'd
 At last with thought,
 My restless Eye that still desir'd
 As strange an object brought ;

9.

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried
 (Though 'twas mid-day,)
 Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed
 And taking in the Ray,
 Here musing long, I heard
 A rushing wind
 Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd
 No where I could not find ;

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
 Dispatch'd an Eye,
 To see, if any leafe had made
 Least motion, or Reply,
 But while I listning sought
 My mind to ease
 By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
 It whisper'd ; *where I please.*

Lord then said I, *On me one breath,
 And let me dye before my death !*

Cant. Cap. 5. ver 17.

*Arise O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow
 upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out*

Death.

A Dialogue.

Soule.

Tis a sad Land, that in one day
 Hath dull'd thee thus, when death shall freeze
 Thy bloud to Ice, and thou must stay
 Tenant for Yeares, and Centuries,
 How wilt thou brook't ? —

Body

Body. I cannot tell, —
 But if all sence wings not with thee,
 And something still be left the dead,
 I'le wish my Curtaines off to free
 Me from so darke, and sad a bed ;

A neast of nights, a gloomie sphere,
 Where shadoves thicken, and the Cloud
 Sits on the Suns brow all the yeare,
 And nothing moves without a shrowd ;

Soule. 'Tis so : But as thou sawest that night
 Wee travell'd in, our first attempts
 Were dull, and blind, but Custome'straight
 Our feares, and falls brought to contempt,

Then, when the gasty *twelve* was past
 We breath'd still for a blushing *East*,
 And bad the lazie Sunne make hast,
 And on sure hopes, though long, did feast ;

But when we saw the Clouds to crack
 And in those Cranies light appear'd,
 We thought the day then was not slack,
 And pleas'd our selves with what wee feard ,

Just so it is in death But thou
 Shalt in thy mothers bosome sleepe
 Whilst I each minute grone to know
 How neere Redemption creepes.

Then shall wee meet to mixe again, and met,
 'Tis last good-night, our Sunne shall never set.

Job Cap : 10 ver. 21. 22

*Before I goe whenoe I shall not returne, even to the land of
 darknesse, and the shadow of death*

*A Land of darknesse, as darknesse is felse, and of the sha-
 dow of death, without any order, and where the light is as
 darknesse*

Resurrection

Resurrection and
Immortality :

Heb. cap. 10. ve: 20.

*By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for us,
through the veile, which is his flesh.*

Body.

r

OFT have I seen, when that renewing breath
That binds, and loosens death
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures a bed,
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe
From that long sleepe
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and kneil
About her silent Cell
Untill at last full with the vitall Ray
She wing'd away,
And proud with life, and sence,
Heav'ns rich Expence,
Esteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole Elements
As meane, and span-extents.
Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me
Or that he can endure to be uniuert?
Who keeps his Covenant even with our dust

Soule

Soule.

2.

Poore, querulous handfull ! was't for this
 I taught thee all that is ?
 Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,
 And Change of suits
 And how of death we make
 A meere mistake,
 For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but still
 Incorporates by skill,
 And then returns, and from the wombe of things
 Such treasure brings
 As *Phenix*-like renew'th
 Both life, and youth ;
 For a preserving spirit doth still passe
 Untainted through this Masse,
 Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
 That to it fall,
 Nor are those births which we
 Thus suffering see
 Destroy'd at all ; But when times restless wave
 Their substance doth deprave
 And the more noble *Essence* finds his house
 Sickly, and loose,
 He, ever young, doth wing
 Unto that spring,
 And *source* of spirits, where he takes his lot
 Till time no more shall rot
 His passive Cottage ; which (though laid aside,)
 Like some spruce Bride,
 Shall one day rise and cloath'd with shining light
 All pure, and bright
 Re-marry to the soule, for tis most plaine
 Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againc.

3.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
 But mists, and shadows passe,

And

And, by their owne weak *Shine*, did search the Springs
 And Course of things
 Shall with Inlightned Rayes
 Peirce all their wayes ;
 And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
 To heav'n, or Earth below
 To reade some *Starre*, or *Min'rall*, and in State
 There often fate,
 So shalt thou then with me
 (Both wing'd, and free,)
 Rove in that mighty, and eternall light
 Where no rude shade, or night
 Shall dare approach us ; we shall there no more
 Watch stars, or pore
 Through melancholly clouds, and say
would it were Day !
 One everlasting *Saboth* there shall runne
 Without *Succession*, and without a *Sunne*.

Dan : Cap ; 12. ver : 13.

*But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou shalt rest
 and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the dayes.*

Day of Judgement.

When through the North a fire shall rush
 And rowle into the East,
 And like a fire torrent brush
 And sweepe up *South*, and *west*,
 When all shall streame, and lighten round
 And with surprizing flames
 Both stars, and Elements confound
 And quite blot out their names,
 When thou shalt spend thy sacred store
 Of thunders in that heate
 And low as ere they lay before
 Thy six-dayes-buildings beate,

When

When like a scrowle the heavens shal passe
 And vanish cleane away,
 And nought must stand of that vast space
 Which held up night, and day,

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,
 And from the wombe of earth
 Summon up all that are asleepe
 Unto a second birth,

When thou shalt make the Clouds thy feate,
 And in the open aire
 The Quick, and dead, both small and great
 Must to thy barre repaire ;

O then it wilbe all too late
 To say, *what shall I doe ?*
Repentance there is out of date
 And so is *mercy* too ;

Prepare, prepare me then, O God !
 And let me now begin
 To feele my loving fathers *Rod*.
 Killing the man of sinne !

Give me, O give me Crosses here,
 Still more afflictions lend,
 That pill, though bitter, is most deare
 That brings health in the end

Lord, God ! I beg nor friends, nor wealth
 But pray against them both ;
 Three things I'de have, my soules chief health !
 And one of these seme loath,

A living *F AITH*, a *H E A R T* of flesh,
 The *W O R L D* an Enemy,
 This last will keepe the first two fresh,
 And bring me, where I'de be.

1 Pet. 4. 7.

Now the end of all things is at hand, be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.

Religion.

MY God, when I walke in those groves,
And leaves thy spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man.

Under a *Juniper*, some house,
Or the coole *Mirtles* canopic,
Others beneath an *Oakes* greene boughs,
Or at some *fountaines* bubling Eye,

Here *Jacob* dreames, and wrestles; there
Elias by a Raven is fed,
Another time by th' Angell, where
He brings him water with his bread;

In *Abr'ham's* Tent the winged guests,
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Untill the Coole, and shady *Even*;

Nay thou thy selfe, my God, in fire,
whirle-winds, and *Clouds*, and the soft voice
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no Conf'rence in these daies;

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A mediatour now with thee,
Doe'st thou therefore old Treaties wave
And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say
That now all miracies must cease?
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace;

No, no; Religion is a Spring
That from some secret, golden Mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and Wine;

But in her long, and hidden Course
Passing through the Earths darke veines.
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste, and colour staines,

Then drilling on, learns to encrease
False *Ecchoes*, and Confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;

So poison'd, breaks forth in some Clime,
And at first sight doth many please,
But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime
And 'stead of Phisick, a disease;

Just such a tainted sink we have
Like that *Samaritans* dead well,
Nor must we for the Kernell crave
Because most voices like the *shell*.

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock,
Looke downe great Master of the feast; O shine,
And turn once more our *water* into *wine*!

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

*My sister, my spouse is as a garden Inclosed, as a Spring
shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

The

The Search.

TIs now cleare day : I see a Rose
 Bud in the bright East, and disclose
 The Pilgrim-Sunne ; all night have I
 Spent in a roving Extasie
 To find my Saviour ; I have been
 As far as *Betlem*, and have seen
 His Inne, and Cradle ; Being there
 I met the *Wise-men*, askt them where
 He might be found, or what starre can
 Now point him out, grown up a Man :
 To *Egypt* hence I fled, ran o're
 All her parcht bosome to *Nile's* shore
 Her yearly nurse ; came back, enquir'd
 Amongst the *Doctors*, and desir'd
 To see the *Temple*, but was shown
 A little dust, and for the Town
 A heap of ashes, where some sed
 A small bright sparkle was a bed,
 Which would one day (beneath the pole,)
 Awake, and then refine the whole.

Tyr'd here, I come to *Sychar* ; thence
 To *Jacobs well*, bequeathed since
 Unto his sonnes, (where often they
 In those calme, golden Evenings lay
 Watring their flocks, and having spent
 Those white dayes, drove home to the Tent
 Their *well-fleec'd* traine ;) And here (O fate !)
 I sit, where once my Saviour fate ;
 The angry Spring in bubbles swell d
 Which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,
 And whisper d, *Jesus had been there*
 But *Jacobs children would not heare*.
 Soath hence to part, at last I rise
 But with the fountain in my Eyes,
 And here a fresh search is decteed
 He must be found, where he did bleed

I walke the garden, and there see
Idea's of his Agonie,
 And moving anguishment that set
 His blest face in a bloody sweat ;
 I climb'd the Hill, perus'd the Crosse
 Hung with my gaine, and his great losse,
 Never did tree beare fruit like this,
Balsams of Soules, the bodyes blisse ;
 But, O his grave ! where I saw lent
 (For he had none,) a Monument,
 An undefil'd, and new-heav'd one,
 But there was not the *Corner-stone* ;
 Sure (then said I,) my Quest is vaine,
 Hee'le not be found, where he was slaine,
 So mild a Lamb can never be
 'Midst so much bloud, and Crueltie ;
 I'le to the Wilderness, and can
 Find beasts more mercifull then man,
 He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat
 From the fierce *Jew*, and *Herods* heat,
 And forty dayes withstood the fell,
 And high temptations of hell ;
 With Seraphins there talked he
 His fathers flaming ministrie,
 He heav'nd their *walks*, and with his eyes
 Made those wild shades a Paradise,
 Thus was the desert sanctified
 To be the refuge of his bride ;
 I le thither then ; see, It is day,
 The Sun's broke through to guide my way.

But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
 What pleasures should my Journey crown,
 What silent paths, what shades, and Cells,
 Faire, virgin-flowers, and hallow'd *wells*
 I should rove in, and rest my head
 Where my deare Lord did often tread,
 Sugring all dangers with successe,
 Me thought I heard one singing thus ;

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;
 Who Pores
 and spies
 Still out of Doores
 descries
 Within them noughr.

2.

The skinne, and shell of things
 Though faire,
 are not
 Thy wish, nor Pray'r,
 but got
 By meere Despaire
 of wings.

3.

To rack old Elements,
 Or Dust;
 and say
 Sure here he must
 needs stay
 Is not the way,
 nor just.

Search well another world ; who studies this,
 Trayels in Clouds, seekes *Manna*, where none is

Aets Cap. 17. ve. 27, 28.

*That they should seeke the Lord, if happily they might
 feele after him, and find him, though he be not far off from
 every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our
 being.*

Isaacs Marriage.

Gen. cap. 24. ver. 63.

*And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the Even-tide,
and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the Camels
were comming.*

PRaying! and to be married? It was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care
Though of our selves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't, were to degenerate.
But thou a Chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto heaven
Thy flames could not be out; Religion was
Ray'd into thee, like beames into a glasse,
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd
The sacred Constellation of thy mind.

But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy lasse,
Hadst thou ne'r an oath, nor Complement? thou wert
An odde, corse sutor; Hadst thou but the art
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty
New sev'rall oathes, and Complements (too) plenty;
O sad and wild excess! and happy those
White dayes, that durst no impious mirth expose!
When sinne, by sinning oft, had not lost sence,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd Innocence;
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor *Antick* crowd
Of young gay swearors, with their needles, lowd
Retinue; All was here smooth as thy bride
And calme like her, or that mild Evening-tide;
Yer, hadst thou nobier guests: Angels did wind,
And rove about thee guardians of thy mind,
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to doe, and say;
These taught him at the *well*, and thither brough
The Chast, and lovely object of thy thought

But

But here was ne'r a Complement, nor one
 Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd looke put on,
 All was plaine, modest truth : Nor did she come
 In *rowles*, and *curles*, mincing, and stately dumbe,
 But in a frighted, virgin-blush approach'd
 Fresh as the morning, when 'tis newly Coach'd ,
 O sweet, divine simplicity O grace
 Beyond a Curled lock, or painted face !
 A *Pitcher* too she had, nor thought it much
 To carry that, which some would scorn to touch ;
 With which in mild chaste language she did wooe
 To draw him drinke, and for his Camels too.

And now thou knewst her coming, It was time
 To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
 Unto thy God, for Marriage of all states
 Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates ;
 This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undresse
 Thy soule, and with new pinions refresh
 Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did flye
 Above the stars, a track unknown, and high,
 And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre
 Scatt'ring the *Mirre*, and Incense of thy pray'r
 So from * *Lahai-roi's* Well, some spicie cloud
 Woo'd by the Sun swels up to be his shrowd,
 And from his moist wombe weeps a fragrant showre,
 Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
 And herb partakes, where having stood awhile
 And something coold the parch'd, and thirstie Iste
 The thankfull Earth unlocks her selfe, and blends,
 A thousand odours, which (all mixt,) she sends
 Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
 That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

Thus soar'd thy soul, who (though young,) didst in-
 Together with his blood, thy fathers spirit,
 Whose active zeale, and tryed faith were to thee
 Familiar ever since thy Infancie,
 Others were tym'd, and train'd up to't, but thou
 Didst thy swift years in piety out-grow,

*A well i
 the Sout
 Country
 where Ja-
 cob dwelt
 betwene
 Cadesh,
 & B cred
 Heb the
 wel of bin
 that liveth
 and seeth
 me.*

(herit

Age made them rev'rend, and a snowie head,
 But thou wert so, e're time his snow could shed ;
 Then, who would truly limne thee out, must paint
 First, a *young Patriarch*, then a *marry'd Saint*.

The Brittish Church.

AH ! he is fled !
 And while these here their *mists*, and *shadowes* hatch,
 My glorious head
 Doth on those hills of Myrrhe, and Incense watch,
 Hast, hast my deare,
 The Souldiers here
 Cast in their lotts againe,
 That seamless coat
 The Jewes touch'd not,
 These dare divide, and staine.

2.

O get thee wings !
 Ot if as yet (untill these clouds depart,
 And the day springs,)
 Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,
 Write in thy bookes
 My ravish'd looks
 Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,
 And haste thee so
 As a young Roe
 Upon the mounts of spices.

*O Rosa Campi ! O liliu Convallium ! quomodò nunc
 facta es pabulum Aprorum !*

The

The Lampe.

'TIs dead night round about : Horreur doth creepe
 And move on with the shades ; stars nod, and sleepe,
 And through the dark aire spin a fire thread
 Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worms bed.

Yet, burn'ft thou here, a full day ; while I spend
 My rest in Cares, and to the dark world lend
 These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch
 That houre, which must thy life, and mine dispatch ;
 But still thou doest out-goe me, I can see
 Met in thy flames, all acts of piety ;
 Thy light, is *Charity* ; Thy heat, is *Zeale* ;
 And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing ; Then, thou dost weepe
 Still as thou burn'ft, and the warme droppings creepe
 To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
 What stock, and how much time were left thee now ;
 Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
 As thou dissolv'ft to them, and they distill,
 They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
 When all is spent, thy last, and sure supply,
 And such is true repentance, ev'ry breath
 Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death ;
 Only, one point escapes thee ; That thy Oile
 Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile ;
 But whenfoe're I'm out, both shalbe in,
 And where thou mad'ft an end, there I'le begin.

Mark Cap. 13. ver. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the master
 of the house commeth, at Even, or at mid-night, or at the
 Cock-crowing, or in the morning.*

Mans fall, and Recovery.

Farewell you Everlasting hills ! I'm Cast
 Here under Clóuds, where stormes, and tempests blast
 This fully'd flowre
 Rob'd of your Calme, nor can I ever make
 Transplanted thus, one leafe of his t'awake,
 But ev'ry houre
 He sleepes, and droops, and in this drowfie state
 Leaves me a slave to passions, and my fate ;
 Besides I've lost
 A traine of lights, which in those Sun-shine dayes
 Were my sure guides, and only with me stayes
 (Unto my cost,)
 One sullen beame; whose charge is to dispense
 More punishment, than knowledge to my sense ;
 Two thousand yeares
 I sojourn'd thus ; at last *Jeshurun's* king
 Those famous tables did from *Sinai* bring ;
 These swell'd my feares,
 Guilts, trespasses, and all this Inward Awe,
 For sinne tooke strength, and vigour from the Law
 Yet have I found
 A plenteous way, (thanks to that holy one !)
 To cancell all that e're was writ in stone,
 His saving wound
 Wept bloud, that broke this Adamant, and gave
 To sinners Confidence, life to the grave ;
 This makes me span
 My fathers journeys, and in one faire step
 O're all their pilgrimage, and labours leap,
 For God (made man,)
 Reduc'd th'Extent of works of faith ; so made
 Of their *Red Sea*, a *Spring* ; I wash, they wade

Rom. Cap. 18. ver. 19.

As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation ; So by the Righteousness of one, the benefit abounded towards all men to the Justification of life.

The Showre.

T Was so, I saw thy birth: That drowfie Lake
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and Infectious Ease.

But, now at Even
Too grosse for heaven,
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

2.

Ah ! it is so with me ; oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazie breath, but fruitles this
Peirc'd not ; Love only can with quick accesse

Unlock the way,
When all else stray
The smoke, and Exhalations of the brest.

3.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy traine
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O're my hard heart, that's bound up, and asleepe,

Perhaps at last
(Some such showres past,)
My God would give a Sun-shine after raine.

Distraction

Distraction.

O Knit me, that am crumbled dust ! the heape
 Is all dispers'd, and cheape ;
 Give for a handfull, but a thought
 And it is bought ;
 Hadst thou
 Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
 The beames I then had shot
 My light had lessend not,
 But now
 I find my selfe the lesse, the more I grow ;
 The world
 Is full of voices ; Man is call'd, and hurl'd
 By each, he answers all,
 Knows ev'ry note, and call,
 Hence, still
 Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
 Yet, hadst thou clipt my wings, when Coffin'd in
 This quicken'd masse of sinne,
 And saved that light, which freely thou
 Didst then bestow,
 I feare
 I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbear ;
 Or that thy store was lesse,
 But now since thou didst blesse
 So much,
 I grieve, my God ! that thou hast made me such.
 I grieve ?
 O, yes ! thou know'st I doe ; Come, and relieve
 And tame, and keepe downe with thy light
 Dust that would rise, and dimme my sight,
 Left left alone too long
 Amidst the noise, and throng,
 Oppressed I
 Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

The Pursuite.

Lord ! what a busie, restles thing
 Hast thou made man ?
 Each day, and houre he is on wing,
 Rests not a span ;
 Then having lost the Sunne, and light
 By clouds surpriz'd
 He keeps a Commerce in the night
 With aire disguis'd ;
 Hadst thou given to this active dust
 A state untir'd,
 The lost Sonne had not left the huske
 Nor home desir'd ;
 That was thy secret, and it is
 Thy mercy too,
 For when all failes to bring to blisse,
 Then, this must doe.
 Ah ! Lord ! and what a Purchase will that be
 To take us sick, that sound would not take thee ?

Mount of Olives.

Sweete, sacred hill ! on whose fair brow
 My Saviour fate, shall I allow
 Language to love
 And Idolize some shade, or grove,
 Neglecting thee ? such ill-plac'd wit,
 Conceit, or call it what you please
 Is the braines fit,
 And meere disease ;

2.

Cotswold, and *Coopers* both have met
 With learned *Swaines*, and *Eccho* yet
 Their pipes, and wit ;
 But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect
 Untouch'd by any ; And what need
 The sheep bleat thee a silly Lay
 That heard'st both reed
 And sheepward play ?

3.

Yer, if Poets mind thee well
 They shall find thou art their hill,
 And fountaine too,
 Their Lord with thee had most to doe ;
 He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee,
 And from thence (his suff'rings ended,)
 Unto glorie
 Was attended ;

4.

Being there, this spacious ball
 is but his narrow footstoole all,
 And what we thinke
 Unsearchable, now with one winke
 He doth comp'ise ; But in this aire
 When he did stay to beare our Ill
 And sinne, this Hill
 Was then his Chaire

The Incarnation, and
Passion.

Lord! when thou didst thy selfe undresse
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more, thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,
And loath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest;

Brave wormes, and Earth! that thus could have
A God Enclos'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell;

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud, and breath
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death.

The Call.

Come my heart ! come my head
 In sighes, and teares !
 'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead
 Some twenty years ;
 Awake, awake,
 Some pittie take
 Upon your selves —————
 Who never wake to grone, nor weepe,
 Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

2.

Doe but see your sad estate,
 how many sands
 Have left us, while we careles fate
 With folded hands ;
 What stock of nights,
 Of dayes, and yeares
 In silent flights
 Stole by our cares ;
 How ill have we our selves bestow'd
 Whose sins are all set in a Cloud ?

3.

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all ;
 And as we passe,
 What sins on every minute fall
 Score on the glasse ;
 Then weigh, and rate
 Their heavy State
 Untill
 The glasse with teares you fill ;
 That done, we shalbe safe, and good,
 Those beasts were cleane, that chew'd the Cud.

Thou



THOU that know'st for whom I mourne,
 And why these teares appeare,
 That keep'st account, till he returne
 Of all his dust left here ;
 As easily thou mightst prevent
 As now produce these teares,
 And adde unto that day he went
 A faire supply of yeares.
 But 'twas my sinne that forc'd thy hand
 To cull this *Prim-rose* out,
 That by thy early choice forewarn'd
 My soule might looke about.
 O what a vanity is man !
 How like the Eyes quick winke
 His Cottage failes ; whose narrow span
 Begins even at the brink !
 Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
 And many yeares (alas !)
 E're we can lisp, or ought discusse
 Concerning thee, must passe ;
 Yet have I knowne thy slightest things
 A *feather*, or a *shell*,
 A *stick*, or *Rod* which some Chance brings
 The best of us excell,
 Yea, I have knowne these shreds out last
 A faire-compacted frame
 And for one *Twenty* we have past
 Almost outlive our name.
 Thus hast thou plac'd in mans outside
 Death to the Common Eye,
 That heaven within him might abide,
 And close eternitie ;

Hence,

Hence, youth, and folly (mans first shame,)
 Are put unto the slaughter,
 And serious thoughts begin to tame
 The wise-mans-madnes *Laughter* ;
 Dull, wretched wormes ! that would not keepe
 Within our first faire bed,
 But out of *Paradise* must creepe
 For ev'ry foote to tread ;
 Yet, had our Pilgrimage bin free,
 And smooth without a thorne,
 Pleasures had foil'd Eternitie,
 And *tares* had choakt the *Corne*.
 Thus by the Crosse Salvation runnes,
 Affliction is a mother,
 Whose painefull throws yield many sois,
 Each fairer than the other ;
 A silent teate can peirce thy throne,
 When lowd Joyes want a wing,
 And sweeter aires streame from a grone,
 Than any arted string ;
 Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great ,
 My losse but little to it, .
 Yet something more I must intreate
 And only thou canst doe it.
 O let me (like him,) know my End !
 And be as glad to find it,
 And whatsoe'r thou shalt Commend,
 Still let thy Servant mind it !
 Then make my foule white as his owne,
 My taith as pure, and steddy ,
 And deck me, Lord, with the same Crowne
 Thou hast crownd him already !

Vanity of Spirit.

Quite spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay
 Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
 I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
 Who gave the Clouds so brave a bow,
 Who bent the spheres, and circled in
 Corruption with this glorious Ring,
 What is his name, and how I might
 Descry some part of his great light.
 I summon'd nature; peirc'd through all her store,
 Broke up some scales, which none had touch'd before,
 Her wombe, her bosome, and her head
 Where all her secrets lay a bed
 I rifled quite, and having past
 Through all the Creatures, came at last
 To search my selfe, where I did find
 Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.
 Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,
 With Ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills;
 Weake beames, and fires flash'd to my sight
 Like a young East, or Moone-shine night,
 Wich shew'd me in a nook cast by
 A peece of much antiquity,
 With Hyeroglyphicks quite dismembred,
 And broken letters scarce remembred.
 I rooke them up, and (much Joy'd,) went about
 T' unite those peeces, hoping to find out
 The mystery; but this neer done,
 That little light I had was gone:
 It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
*Since in these veyls my Ecclips'd Eye
 May not appreach thee, (for at night
 who can have commerce with the light?)
 I'le disapparell, and to buy
 But one oalf glaunce, most gladly dye.*

C

The

The Retreat.

Happy those early dayes! when I
 Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought
 But a white, Celestiall thought,
 When yet I had not walkt above
 A mile, or two, from my first love,
 And looking back (at that short space,)
 Could see a glimpse of his bright-face ;
 When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My Conscience with a sinfull sound,
 Or had the black art to dispence
 A sev'ral sinne to ev'ry sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back
 And tread again that ancient traek !
 That I might once more reach that plaine
 Where first I lefe my glorious traine,
 From whenceith ihlightned spirit sees
 That shady City of Palme trees ;
 But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move
 And when this dust falls to the urn
 In that stute I eame return



Come, come, what doe I here?
 Since he is gone
 Each day is grown a dozen year,
 And each houre, one;
 Come, come!
 Cut off the sum,
 By these soil'd teares
 (Which only thou
 Know'st to be true,)
 Dayes are my feares.

2.

Ther's not a wind can stir,
 Or beam passe by,
 But strait I think (though far,)
 Thy hand is nigh,
 Come, come!
 Strike these lips dumb
 This restles breath
 That soiles thy name,
 Will ne'r be tame
 Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tombe
 No house of store,
 But a dark. and seal'd up wombe,
 Which ne'r breeds more
 Come, come!
 Such thoughts benum;
 But I would be
 With him I weep
 A bed and sleep
 A wake in thee.

C 2

Mid-night



Midnight.

WHen to my Eyes
 (Whilst deep sleep others catches,)
 Thine hoast of spyes
 The starres shine in their watches,
 I doe survey
 Each busie Ray,
 And how they work, and wind.
 And wish each beame
 My soul doth streame.
 With the like ardour shin'd;
 What Emanarions,
 Quick vibrations
 And bright fairs are there ?
 What thin Ejections,
 Cold Affections,
 And slow motions here ?

2.

Thy heav'ns (some say.)
 Are a fire-liquid light,
 Which mingling aye
 Streames, and flames thus to the sight.
 Come then, my god
 Shine on this blood,
 And water in one beame,
 And thou shalt see
 Kindled by thee
 Both liquors burne, and streame.

O what bright quicknes,
 Active brightnes,
 And celestiall flowes
 Will follow after
 On that water,
 Which thy spirit blowes !

Math. Cap. 3. ver. xi.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that commeth after me, is mightier than I, whose shooes I am not worthy to beare, he shall baptize you with the holy Ghost, and with fire.

¶ Content.

PEace, peace ! I know 'twas brave,
 But this corse fleece
 I shelter in, is slave
 To no such peece.
 When I am gone,
 I shall no ward-robcs leave
 To friend, or fonne
 But what their own homes weave,

2.

Such, though not proud, nor full,
 May make them weep,
 And mourn to see the wooll
 Outlast the sheep ;
 Poore, Pious weare
 Hadst thou bin rich, or fine
 Perhaps that teare
 Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

C 3

3. Why

3.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,
 Or a laced story?
 Death sets all out of joint
 And scorns their glory;
 Some Love a *Rose*
 In hand, some in the skin;
 But croise to those,
 I would have mine *within*.

¶

TOy of my life! while left me here,
 And still my Love!
 How in thy absence thou dost steere
 Me from above!
 A life well lead
 This truth commends,
 With quick, or dead
 It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty use: The night,
 Is dark, and long;
 The Rode soul, and where one goes right
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shor o'r some cloud,
 May clear much way
 And guide a croud.

3.

Gods Saints are shining lights ; who stays
 Here long must passe
 O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
 As smooth as glasse ;
 But these all night
 Like Candles, shed
 Their beams and light
 Us into Bed.

4.

They are (indeed,) our Pillar-fires
 Seen as we go,
 They are that Cities shining spires
 We travell too ;
 A swordlike gleame
 Kept man for sin
 First *Out* ; This beame
 Will guide him *In*.

The Storm.

I See the use ; and know my bloud
 Is not a Sea,
 But a shallow, bounded floud
 Though red as he ;
 Yet have I flows, as strong as his,
 And boyling stremes that rave
 With the same curling force. and hisle,
 As doth the mountain'd wave.

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
 Dark storms, and wind
 Incite them to that fierce dispute,
 Else not Inclined,
 Thus the Enlarg'd, enraged air
 Uncalmes these to a froud,
 But still the weather that's most fair
 Breeds tempests in my bloud ;

3.

Lord, then round me with weeping Clouds,
 And let my mind
 In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds
 A spirit-wind,
 So shall that storme purge this *Recluse*
 Which sinfull ease made foul,
 And *wind*, and *water* to thy use
 Both *wash*, and *wing* my soul.

The
 Morning-watch.

O Joyes ! Infinite sweetnes ! with what flowres,
 And shoots of glory, my soul breakes, and buds !
 All the long houres
 Of night, and Rest
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep, and Clouds,
 This Dew fell on my Breast ;
 O how it *Blouds*,

And

And *Spirits* all my Earth ! heark ! In what Rings,
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world

Awakes, and sings ;
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurl'd

In sacred *Hymnes*, and *Order*, The great *Chime*

And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes
Whose *Eccho* is heav'ns blific

O let me climbe

When I lye down ! The Pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though ied

To shed their light

Under some Cloud

Yet are above,

And shine, and move

{Beyond that mistie throwd.

So in my Bed

That Curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp, and life, both shall in thee abide.

The Evening-watch.

A Dialogue.

Farewell ! I goe to sleep ; but when
The day-star springs, I'le wake agen.

Body

Goe, sleep in peace ; and when thou lyeest
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'ral parts shall want a name.

Sovi.

Then

Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd mans trust !

Amen ! but hark, e'r we two stray,
How many hours do'st think 'till day ? Body.

Ah ! go ; th'art weak, and sleepeie. Heav'n Soul.
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up ; who drew this Circle even
He fills it ; Dayes, and hours are *blinds*.
Yet, this take with thee ; The last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and mans *eternall Prime*.



Hence, and stealth of dayes ! 'tis now
Since thou art gone,
I welve hundred houres, and not a brow
But Clouds hang on
As he that in some Caves thuck damp
Lockt from the light
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And walking from his Sun, when past
That glim'ring Ray
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day,
So o'r tied minutes I retreat
Unto that hour
Which shew'd thee last, but did defea
Thy light, and pow'r
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beams again,
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appareth plain,
That dark, and dead sleeps in its known
And common urn,
But those fled to their Makers throne
There thine, and burn ;

O could I track them ! but souls must
 Track one the other,
 And now the spirit, not the dust
 Must be thy brother.
 Yet I have one *Pearle* by whose light
 All things I see,
 And in the heart of Earth, and night
 Find Heaven, and thee.

Church-Service.

BLeft be the God of Harmony, and Love !
 The God above !
 And holy dove !

Whose Interceding, spiritual grones
 Make restless mones
 For dust, and stones,
 For dust in every part,
 But a hard, stonie heart.

2

O how in this thy Quire of Souls I stand
 (Propt by thy hand)
 A heap of sand !

Which busie thoughts (like winds) would scatter quite
 And put to flight,
 But for thy might ;
 Thy hand alone doth tame
 Those blasts, and knit my frame.

3.

So that both stones, and dust, and all of me
 Joyntly agree
 To cry to thee,

And in this Musick by thy Martyrs blood
 Seal'd, and made good
 Present, O God !
 The Eccho of these stones
 — My sighes, and grones.

Buriall

Buriall.

O Thou! the first fruits of the dead.
 And their dark bed,
 When I am cast into that deep
 And senseless sleep
 The wages of my sinne,
 O then,
 Thou great Preserver of all men
 Watch o're that loose
 And empty house,
 Which I sometimes liv'd in.

2.
 It is (in truth!) a ruin'd peece
 Not worth thy Eyes,
 And scarce a room but wind, and rain
 Beat through, and stain
 The feats, and Cells within;
 Yet thou
 Led by thy Loye wouldst stoop thus low.
 And in this Cott
 All filth, and spott,
 Didst with thy servant Inne,

3.
 And nothiog can, I hourelly see,
 Drive thee from ne,
 Thou art the same, faithfull, and just
 In life, or Dust;
 Though then (thus crumm'd) I stray
 In blasts,
 Or Exhalations, and wafts
 Beyond all Eyes
 Yet thy love spies
 That Change, and knows thy C lay.

4.

The world's thy boxe : how then (there toft,)
 Can I be loft?
 But the delay is all; Tyme now
 Is old, and flow,
 His wings are dull, and sickly;
 Yet he
 Thy fervant is, and waits on thee,
 Cutt then the summe,
 Lord haste, Lord come,
 O come Lord *jesus* quickly!

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 23.

*And not only they, but our selves also, which have the first
 fruits of the spirit, even wee our selves grieve within our
 selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of
 our body.*

Chearfulness.

Lord, with what courage, and delight
 I doe each thing
 When thy least breath sustaines my wing :
 I shine, and move
 Like those above,
 And (with much gladnesse
 Quitting sadnesse,)
 Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.

Affliction thus, meere pleasure is,
 And hap what will,
 If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still;
 But since thy rayes
 In Sunnie dayes
 Thou dost thus lend
 And freely spend,
 Ah! what shall I return for this?

3.

O that I were all Soul! that thou
 Wouldst make each part
 Of this poor, sinfull frame pure heart!
 Then would I drown
 My single one,
 And to thy praise
 A Confort raise
 Of *Hallelujahs* here below.



SURE, there's a tye of Bodyes! and as they
 Dissolve (with it,) to Clay,
 Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
 O'r-cast with that cold dust;
 For things thus *Center'd*, without *Reames*, or *Action*
 Nor give, nor take *Contaction*,
 And man is such a Marygold, these fled,
 That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the Line Conspire, and *Sense*
 Things distant doth unite,
 Herbs sleep unto the *East*, and some fowles thence
 Watch the Returns of light;
 But hearts are not so kind: false, short delights.
 Tell us the world is brave,
 And wrap us in Imaginary flights
 Wide of a faithfull grave;
 Thus *Lazarus* was carried out of town;
 For 'tis our foes chief art
 By distance all good objects first to drown,
 And then bestene the heart
 But I will be my own *Deaths-herd*; and though
 The flatterer say, *I live*,
 Because Incertainties we cannot know
 Be sure, not to believe

Peace.

Peace.

MY Soul, there is a Countrie
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged Centrie
 All skilfull in the wars,
 There above noise, and danger
 Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles
 And one born in a Manger
 Commands the Beauteous file
 He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my Soul awake!)
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake,
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There growes the flowre of peace.
 The Rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortresse, and thy ease ;
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But one, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy Cure

The Passion.

O My chief good !
 My dear, dear God !
 When thy blest bloud
 Did Issue forth forc'd by the Rod,
 What pain didst thou
 Feel in each blow !
 How didst thou weep,
 And thy self steep

In thy own precious, saving teares !
 What cruell smart
 Did teare thy heart !
 How didst thou grone it
 In the spirit,
 O thou, whom my soul Loves, and feares !

2.

Most blessed Vine !
 Whose juice so good
 I feel as Wine,
 But thy faire branches felt as bloud,
 How wert thou prest
 To be my feast !
 In what deep anguish
 Didst thou languish,
 What springs of Sweat, and bloud did drown thee !
 How in one path
 Did the full wrath
 Of thy great Father
 Crowd, and garher,
 Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee !

3.

How did the weight
 Of all our finnes,
 And death unite
 To wrench, and Rack thy blessed limbes !
 How pale, and bloudie
 Lookt thy Body !
 How bruis'd, and broke
 With every stroke !
 How meek, and patient was thy spirit !
 How didst thou cry,
 And grone on high
Father forgive,
 And let them live,
 I dye to makemy foes inherit !

4.

O blessed Lamb !
 That took'st my sinne,
 That took'st my shame
 How shall thy dust thy praises sing !
 I would I were
 One hearty tear !
 One constant spring !
 Then would I bring
 Thee two small mites, and be at strife
 Which should most vie,
 My heart, or eye,
 Teaching my years
 In smiles, and tears
 To weep, to sing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 19.

Etenim res Creatæ exerto Capite observantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei.

AND do they so ? have they a Sense
 Of ought but Influence ?
 Can they their heads lift, and expect,
 And grone too ? why th'Elect
 Can do no more ; my volumes sed
 They were all dull, and dead,
 They judg'd them senselesse, and their state
 Wholly Inanimate.
 Go, go ; Seal up thy looks,
 And burn thy books.

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
 Or flowre by pedigree,
 Or some poor high-way herb, or Spring
 To flow, or bird to sing !

D

Then

Then should I (tyed to one sure state,)
 All day expect my date;
 But I am sadly loose; and stray
 A 'giddy blast each way ;
 O let me not thus range !
 Thou canst not change.

3.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry
 An hour, or so, then vary.
 Thy other Creatures in this Scene
 Thee only aym, and mean;
 Some rise to seek thee, and with heads
 Erect peep from their beds ;
 Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
 And cannot quit the womb,
 Sigh there, and grone for thee,
 Their liberty.

4.

O let not me do lesse ! shall they
 Watch, while I sleep, or play ?
 Shall I thy mercies still abuse
 With fancies, friends, or newes
 O brook it not ! thy bloud is mine,
 And my soul should be thine ;
 O brook it not ! why wilt thou stop
 After whole showres one drop ?
 Sure, thou wilt joy to see
 Thy sheep with thee.

The Relapse.

MY God, how gracious art thou ! I had slipt
 Almost to hell,
 And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
 Did hear them yell,
 But O thy love ! thy rich, almighty love
 That sav'd my soul,
 And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
 And heard chem howl ;
 O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,
 This hideous path,
 And I wil mend my own without delayes,
 Cease thou thy wrath !
 I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
 Dark as my deeds,
 Should *mist* within me, and put out that lamp
 Thy spirit feeds ;
 A darting Conscience full of stabs, and fears ,
 No shade but *Yerogh*,
 Sullen, and sad Ecclipses, Cloudie spheres,
 These are my due.
 But he that with his bloud, (a price too deere,)
 My scores did pay,
 Bid me, by vertue from him, challenge here
 The brightest day ;
 Sweet, downie thoughts ; soft *Lilly*-shades ; Calm streams ;
 Joyes full, and true ;
 Fresh, spicie mornings ; and eternal beams
 These are his due.

The Resolve.

[Have consider'd it ; and find
 A longer stay
 Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
 One path, and stray
 Into another, or to none,
 Cannot be love ;
 When shal that traveller come home,
 That will not move ?
 If thou wouldst thither, linger not,
 Catch at the place,
 Tell youth, and beauty they must rot,
 They'r but a *Case* ;
 Loose, parcell'd hearts wil freeze: The Sun
 With scatter'd locks
 Scarce warms. but by contraction
 Can heat rocks ;
 Call in thy *Powers* ; run, and reach
 Home withr the light,
 Be there, before the shadows stretch,
 And *Span* up night ;
 Follow the *Cry* no more ; there is
 An ancient way
 All strewed with flowres, and happiness
 And fresh as *May* ;
 There turn, and turn no more ; Let wits,
 Smile at fair eies,
 Or lips ; But who there weeping sits,
 Hath got the *Prize*.

The Match.

Dear friend ! whose holy, ever-living lines
 Have done much good
 To many, and have checkt my blood,
 My fierce, wild blood that still heaves, and inclines,
 But is still tam'd
 By those bright fires which thee inflam'd ;
 Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
 Into thy *Deed*,
 There from no *Duties* to be freed,
 And if hereafter *youth*, or *folly* thwart
 And claim their share,
 Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

ii

Acept, dread Lord, the poor Oblation,
 It is but poore,
 Yet through thy Mercies may be more.
 O thou ! that canst not wish my souls damnation,
 Afford me life,
 And save me from all inward strife !
 Two *Lives* I hold from thee, my gracious Lord,
 Both cost thee deer.
 For one, I am thy Tenant here ;
 The other, the true life, in the next world
 And endless is,
 O let me still mind *that in this* !
 To thee therefore my *Thoughts, words, Actions*
 I do resign,
 Thy will in all be done, not mine.
 Settle my *house*, and shut out all distractions
 That may unknit
 My heart, and thee planted in it ;

Lord *Jesu!* thou didst bow thy blessed head
 Upon a tree,
 O do as much, now unto me!
 O hear, and heal thy servant! Lord, strike dead
 All lusts in me,
 Who onely with life to serve thee?
 Suffer no more this dust to overflow
 And drown my eies,
 But seal, or pin them to thy skies.
 And let this *grain* which here in tears I sow
 Though *dead*, and *sick*,
 Through thy *Increase* grow *new*, and *quick*.

Rules and Lessons.

WHEN first thy Eies unveil, give thy Soul leave
 To do the like; our Bodies but forerun
 The spirits duty; True hearts spread, and heave
 Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.
 Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet, never sleep the Sun up; Prayer shou'd
 Dawn with the day: There are set, awful hours
 'Twixt heaven, and us; The *Manna* was not good
 After Sun-rising, far-day sullies flowres.
 Rise to prevent the Sun; sleep doth sins glut,
 And heav'ns gate opens, when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the *bush*
 And *whispers* amongst them. There's not a *Spring*.
 Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn*; Each *Bush*
 And *Oak* doth know *I AM*; canst thou not sing
 O leave thy Cares, and follies! go this way
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing, then resigne
 The whole unto him ; and remember who
 Prevail'd by *wrestling* ere the *Sun* did *shine*.

Poure *Oyle* upon the *stones*, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are *Mysteries* ; the first worlds *Youth*,
 Mans *Resurrection*, and the futures *Bud*
 Shrowd in their births: The Crown of life, light, truth
 Is stil'd their *starre*, the *stone*, and *hiiden food*.

Three *blessings* wait upon them, two of which
 Should move ; They make us *holy*, *bappy*, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
 Keep thou thy temper, mix not with each Clay ;
 Dispatch necessities, life hath a load
 Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.

Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
 Be Gods alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy *Actions*, *Counsels*, and *Discourse*,
 Let *Mildness*, and *Religion* guide thee out,
 If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?
 But what's not *good*, and *just* ne'r go about.

Wrong not thy Conscience for a rotten stick,
 That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy Countrie, and thy friend be true,
 If *Priest*, and *People* change, keep thou thy ground.
 Who sels Religion, is a *Judas Jew*,
 And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be found.

The perjurer's a devil let loose ; what can
 Tie up his hands, that dares mock God, and man

Seek not the same steps with the *Crowd* ; stick thou
 To my sure trot ; a *Constant*, humble mind
 Is both his own Joy, and his Makers too ;
 Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet *self-privacy* in a right soul
Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart ;
Make not thy breast a *Labyrinth*, or *Trap* ;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;
It is the good mans *feast* ; The prince of flowres
Which thrives in *storms*, and finels best after *showres*.

Seal not thy Eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their *Merits*, and thy *Purse* ;
Thou mai'st in Rags a mighty Prince relieve
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a Curse.
Thou shalt not lose one *mite*. Though waters stray,
The Bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so, as to weep another,
For rears are not thine own ; If thou giv'st words
Dash not thy *friend*, nor *Heav'n* ; O smother
A vip'rous thought ; some *Syllables* are *Swords*.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double,
They shame their *owners*, and the *bearers* trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, whose *spirits* rise
In judgement against *Lewdness* ; that's base wit
That voyds but *silt*, and *stench*. Hast thou no prize
But *sickness*, or *Infection* ? stifle it.
Who makes his jests of sins, must be at least
If not a very *devill*, worse than a *Beast*.

Yet, fly no friend, if he be such indeed,
But meet to quench his *Longings*, and thy *Thirst* ;
Allow your Joyes *Religion* ; That done, speed
And bring the same man back, thou wert all first. at
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But thuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To highten thy *Devotions*, and keen low
 All mutinous thoughts, what business'e'r thou hast
 Observe God in his works ; here *fountains* flow,
Birds sing, *Beasts* feed, *Fish* leap, and th' *Earth* stands fast;
 Above are restless *motions*, running *Lights*,
 Vast Circling *Azure*, giddy *Clouds*, days, nights.

When *Seasons* change, then lay before thine Eys
 His wondrous *Method* ; mark the various *Scenes*
 In heav'n ; *Hail*, *Thunder*, *Rain-bows*, *Snow*, and *Ice*,
Calmes, *Tempests*, *Light*, and *darknes* by his means ;
 Thou canst not misse his Praise; Each *tree*, *herb*, *flowre*
 Are shadows of his *wisedome*, and his Pow'r.

To *meales* when thou doest come, give him the praise
 Whose *Arm* supply'd thee ; Take what may suffice,
 And then be thankful ; O admire his ways
 Who fills the worlds unempty'd granaries !
 A thankles feeder is a *Theif*, his feast
 A very *Robbery*, and himself no *guest*.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays ; provide
 Thee other thoughts ; Away with friends, and mirth ;
 The Sun now stoops, and hafts his beams to hide
 Under the dark, and melancholy Earth.
 All but preludes thy End. Thou art the man
 Whose *Rise*, *hight*, and *Descent* is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
 Thy Beams home with thee ; trim thy *Lamp*, buy *Oyl* ,
 And then set forth ; who is thus drest, The *Pall*
 Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.
 Man is a *Summers day* ; whose *youth*, and *fire*
 Cool to a glorions *Evening*, and Expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way
 Twixt Heaven, and thee ; block it not with delays.
 Bur perfect all before thou sleep'st ; Then say
 Ther's one *Sun* more strung on my *Bend* of days.

What's

What's good score up for Joy; The bad wel scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy *Masters* hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, spend in the grave one houre
Before thy time; Be not a stranger there
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Lifes poor flowr
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This Coverfat ion; But the good man lyes
Intomb'd many days before he dyes.

Being laid. and drest for sleep, Close not thy Eys
Up with thy Curtains; Give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; So when the day shall rise
And thou *unrak'st* thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames; Besides where these lodge vain *heats* mourn
And die; That *Bush* where God is, shall not burn.

When thy *Nap's* over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that *dead age*; one beam i'th' dark outvies
Two in the day; Then from the *Damps*, and *Ake*
Of night shut up thy *leaves*, be Chast; God prys
Through thickest nights; Though then the Sun be far
Do thou the works of *Day*, and rise a *Star*.

Briefly, *Doe as thou would'st be done unto,*
Love God, and Love thy Neighbour; watch, and Pray.
These are the *words*, and *works* of life; This do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost *Heav'ns way*
O lose it not! look up, wilt Change those *Lights*
For *Chzins* of *Darknes*, and *Eternal Nights*?

Corruption.

Sure, It was so. Man in those early days
 Was not all stone, and Earth,
 He shin'd a little, and by those weak Rays
 Had some glimpse of his birth.
 He saw Heaven o'r his head, and knew from whence
 He came (condemned,) hither,
 And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence
 His mind sure progress'd thither.
 Things here were strange unto him : Swet, and till
 All was a thorn, or weed,
 Nor did those last, but (like himself,) dyed still
 As soon as they did *Seed*,
 They seem'd to quarrel with him ; for that Act
 That fel him, foyl'd them all,
 He drew the Curse upon the world, and Crackt
 The whole frame with his fall.
 This made him long for *home*, as loath to stay
 With murmurers, and foes;
 He sigh'd for *Eden*, and would often say
Ab ! what bright days were those ?
 Nor was Heav'n cold unto him ; for each day
 The vally, or the Mountain
 Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay
 In some green shade, or fountain.
 Angels lay *Leiger* here ; Each Bush, and Cel,
 Each Oke, and high-way knew them,
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *wil*,
 And he was sure to view them.
 Almighty *Love* ! where art thou now ? mad man
 Sits down, and freezeth on,
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor far
 But bids the thread be spun.

I see, thy Currains are Close-drawn ; Thy bow
 Looks dim too in the Cloud,
 Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
 The Center, and his shrowd ;
 All's in deep sleep, and night ; Thick darknes lyes
 And hatcherh o'r thy people ;
 But hark ! what trumpets that ? what Angel cries
Arise ! Thrust in thy sickle.

H. Scriptures.

WELCOME dear book, souls Joy, and food ! The feast
 Of Spirits, Heav'n extracted lyes in thee ;
 Thou art lifes Charter, The Doves spotless neast
 Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the *Manna* lies,
 Thou art the great *Elixir*, rare, and Choice ;
 The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
 The *word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*.

O that I had deep Cut in my hard heart
 Each line in thee ! Then would I plead in groans
 Of my Lords penning, and by sweetest Art
 Return upon himself the *Law*, and *Stones*.
 Read here, my faults are thine. This Book, and I
 Will tell thee so ; *Sweet Saviour thou didst dye !*

Unprofitablenes

Unprofitableness.

How rich, O Lord ! how fresh thy visits are !
 'Twas but Just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung
 Sullyed with dust and mud ;
 Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share
 Their Youth, and beauty, Cold showres nipt, and wrung
 Their spiciness, and bloud ;
 But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey
 Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
 Breath all perfumes, and spice ;
 I smell a dew like *Myrrh*, and all the day
 Wear in my bosome a full Sun ; such store
 Hath one beame from thy Eys.
 But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast thou of this ?
 What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall
 To wait upon thy wreath ?
 Thus thou all day a thankless weed doest dress,
 And when th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all
 The odour I bequeath.

CHRIST'S

Nativity.

AWake, glad heart ! get up, and Sing,
 It is the Birth-day of thy King,
 Awake ! awake !
 The Sun doth shake
 Light from his locks, and all the way
 Breathing Perfumes, doth spice the day

Awake

2.

Awak, awak! heark, how th' *wood* rings,
winds whisper, and the busie *springs*
 A Confort make ;
 A wake, awake !
 Man is their high-priest, and should rise
 To offer up the sacrifice.

3.

I would I were some *Bird*, or *Star*,
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
 Above this *Inne*
 And Rode of sin !
 Then either *Star*, or *Bird*, should be
 Shining, or singing still to thee.

4.

I would I had in my best part
 Fit Roomes for thee ! or that my heart
 Were so clean as
 Thy manger was !
 But I am all filth, and obscene,
 Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

5.

Sweet *Jesu* ! will then ; Let no more
 This Leper haunt, and soyl thy door,
 Cure him, Ease him
 O release him !
 And let once more by mystick birth
 The Lord of life be borne in Earth.

I I.

How kind is heav'n to man ! If here
 One sinner doth amend
 Strait there is Joy, and ev'ry sphere
 In musick doth Contend ;
 And shall we then no voices lift ?
 Are mercy, and salvation
 Not worth our thanks ? Is life a gift
 Of no more acceptation ?
 Shal he that did come down from thence,
 And here for us was slain,
 Shal he be now cast off ? no sense
 Of all his woes remain ?
 Can neither Love, nor suft'rings bind ?
 Are we all stone, and Earth ?
 Neither his bloody passions mind,
 Nor one day bleffe his birth ?
 Alas, my God ! Thy birth now here
 Must not be numbred in the year.

The Check.

PEace, peace ! I blush to hear thee ; when thou art
 A dusty story
 A speechlesse heap, and in the midst my heart
 In the same livery drest
 Lyes tame as all the rest ;
 When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull Eie
 Seeks there for Symmetry
 But finding none, shal leave thee to the wind,
 Or the next foot to Crush,
 Scatt'ring thy kind
 And humble dust, tell then dear flesh
 Where is thy glory ?

As

2.

As he that in the midst of day Expects
 The hideous night,
 Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth, and neglects,
 Works with the Sun, and sets
 Paying the day its debts ;
 That (for Repose, and darknes bound,) he might
 Rest from the fears i'th' night ;
 So should we too. All things teach us to die
 And point us out the way
 While we passe by
 And mind it not ; play not away
 Thy glimpse of light.

3.

View thy fore-runners : Creatures giv'n to be
 Thy youths Companions,
 Take their leave, and die ; Birds, beasts, each tree
 All that have growth, or breath
 Have one large language, *Death*.
 O then play not ! but strive to him, who Can
 Make these sad shades pure Sun,
 Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day,
 Whose pow'r doth so excell
 As to make Clay
 A spirit, and true glory dwell
 In dust, and stones.

4.

Heark, how he doth Invite thee ! with what voice
 Of Love, and sorrow
 He begs, and Calls ; *O that in these thy days*
 Thou knew'st but thy own good !
 Shall not the Cry of blood,
 Of Gods own blood awake thee ? He bids beware
 Of drunknes, surfeits, Care,
 But thou sleep'st on ; wher's now thy protestation,
 Thy Lines, thy Love ? Away,
 Redeem the day,
 The day that gives no observation,
 Perhaps to morrow.

Disorder

Disorder *and* frailty.

WHEN first thou didst even from the grave
 And womb of darknes becken out
 My brutish soul, and to thy slave
 Becam'st thy self, both guide, and Scout ;
 Even from that hour
 Thou gorst my heart ; And though here tost
 By winds, and bit with frost
 I pine, and shrink
 Breaking the link
 'Twixt thee, and me ; And oftimes creep
 Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,
 Quitting thy way
 All the long day,
 Yet, sure, my God ! I love thee most.
 Alas, thy love !

2.

I threaten heaven, and from my Cell
 Of Clay, and frailty break, and bud
 Touch'd by thy fire, and breath ; Thy blood
 Too, is my Dew, and springing wel.
 But while I grow
 And stretch to thee, ayming at all
 Thy stars, and spangled hall,
 Each fly doth tast
 Poyson, and blast
 My yielding leaves ; sometimes a showr
 Beats them quite off, and in an hour
 Not one poor shoot
 But the bare root
 Hid under ground survives the fall.
 Alas, frail weed !

E

Thus

3.

Thus like some sleeping Exhalation
 (Which wak'd by heat, and beams, makes up
 Unto that Comforter, the Sun,
 And soars, and shines ; But e'r we sup
 And walk two steps
 Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
 And, whence it sprung, there ends)
 Doth my weak fire
 Pine, and retire,
 And (after all my hight of flames,))
 In sickly Expirations tames
 Leaving me dead
 On my first bed
 Untill thy Sun again ascends.
 Poor, falling Star !

4.

yes!
 O, is ! but give wings to my fire,
 And hatch my soul, untill it fly
 Up where thou art, amongst thy tire
 Of Stars, above Infirmitie ;
 Let not perverse,
 And foolish thoughts adde to my Bil
 Of forward fins, and Kil
 That seed, which thou
 In me didst sow,
 But dresse, and water with thy grace
 Together with the seed, the place,
 And for his sake
 Who died to stake
 His life for mine, tune to thy will
 My heart, my verse.

Hosea Cap. 6. ver. 4.

*O Ephraim what shall I do unto thee O Judah how shall
 intreat thee ? for thy goodness is as a morning Cloud, and
 the early Dew it geeth away.*

Idle Verse.

GO, go, quaint folies, sugred sin,
 Shadow no more my door ;
 I will no longer Cobwebs spin,
 I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth, and night,
 My great preserver smiles,
 Wee'l make a Match, my only light,
 And Joyn against their wiles ;

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how
 To dresse, and trim our shame,
 That gild rank poyson, and allow
 Vice in a fairer name ;

The Purles of youthfull bloud, and bowles,
 Lust in the Robes of Love,
 The idle talk of feav'rish souls
 Sick with a scarf, or glove ;

Let it suffice my warmer days
 Simper'd, and shin'd on you,
 Twist not my Cypresse with your Bays,
 Or Roses with my Yewgh ;

Go, go, seek out some greener thing,
 It snows, and freezeth here ;
 Let Nightingales attend the spring,
 Winter is all my year.

Repentance.

Lord, since thou didst in this vile Clay
 That sacred Ray
 Thy spirit plant, quickning the whole
 With that one grains Infused wealth,
 My forward fleft crept on, and subtly stole
 Both growth, and power; Checking the health
 And heat of thine : That little gate
 And narrow way, by which to thee
 The Passage is, He term'd a grate
 And Entrance to Captivitie ;
 Thy laws but nets, where some small birds
 (And those but seldome too) were caught,
 Thy Promises but empty words
 Which none but Children heard, or taught.
 This I believed : And though a friend
 Came oft from far, and whisper'd, *No* ;
 Yet that not sorting to my end
 I wholly listen'd to my foe.
 Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
 Seduced soul sighs up to thee,
 To thee who with true light art Clad
 And seest all things just as they be.
 Look from thy throne upon this Rowl
 Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
 Which I Confesse withall my soul,
 My God, Accept of my Confession.

It was last day
 (Touch'd with the guilt of my own way)
 I sate alone, and taking up
 The bitter Cup,
 Through all thy fair, and various store
 Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of gtaffe, thy Creatures feeding,
 The trees, their leafs ; the flowres, their feeding,
 The

The Dust, of which I am a part,
 The Stones much softer than my heart,
 The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
 The Stars to which I am stark blind,
 The Dew thy herbs drink up by night,
 The beams they warm them at i'th light,
 All that have signature or life,
 I summon'd to decide this strife,
 And lest I should lack for Arrears,
 A spring ran by, I told her tears,
 But when these came unto the scale,
 My sins alone outweigh'd them all.

O my dear God ! my life, my love !
 Most blessed lamb ! and mildest dove !
 Forgive your penitent Offender,
 And no more his sins remember,
 Scatter these shades of death, and give
 Light to my soul, that it may live ;
 Cut me not off for my transgressions,
 Wilful rebellions, and suppressions,
 But give them in those streams a part
 Whose spring is in my Saviours heart.
 Lord, I confesse the heynous score,
 And pray, I may do so no more,
 Though then all sinners I exceed
 O think on this ; *Thy Son did bleed* ;
 O call to mind his wounds, his woes,
 His Agony, and bloody throws ;
 Then look on all that thou hast made,
 And mark how they do fail, and fade,
 The heavens themselves, though fair and bright
 Are dark, and unclean in thy sight,
 How then, with thee, Can man be holy
 Who doest thine Angels charge with folly
 O what am I, that I should breed
 Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed !
 I am the gourd of sin, and sorrow
 Growing o'r night, and gone to morrow.

In all this *Round* of life and death
 Nothing's more vile than is my breath,
 Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,
 Defects, and darknes in my brest,
 Pollutions all my body wed,
 And even my soul to thee is dead,
 Only in him, on whom I feast,
 Both soul, and body are well drest,
 His pure perfection quits all score,
 And fills the Boxes of his poor;
 He is the Center of long life, and light,
 I am but finite, He is Infinite.
 O let thy *Justice* then in him Confine,
 And through his merits, make thy mercy mine!

The B U R I A L Of an Infant.

BLeft Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life
 Did only look about, and fal,
 Wearyed out in a harmles strife
 Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: Thy soul
 Flew home unstain'd by his new kin,
 For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
 Death *mean'd* thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!
 Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
 Expecting till thy Saviour Comes
 To *dresse* them, and *unswadle* death.

Faith.

BRight, and blest beame ! whose strong projection
 Equall to all,
 Reacheth as well things of dejection
 As th' high, and tall ;
 How hath my God by raying thee
 Inlarg'd his spouse,
 And of a private familie
 Made open house ?
 All may be now Co-heirs; no noise
 Of *Bond*, or *Eree*
 Can Interdict us from those Joys
 That wait on thee ,
 The Law, and Ceremonies made
 A glorious night,
 Where Stars, and Clouds, both light, and shade
 Had equal right ;
 But, as in nature, when the day
 Breaks , night adjourns,
 Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
 And the Moon mourns ;
 So when the Sun of righteousness
 Did once appear,
 That Scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
 Left for us here;
 Veiles became useles, Altars fel,
 Fires smoking die ;
 And all that sacred pomp, and sheel
 Of things did flie ;
 Then did he shine forth, whose sad fall,
 And bitter fights
 Were figur'd in those mystical,
 And Cloudie Rites ;

And

And as i'th' natural Sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
 So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*
 Through him Compleat ;
 Faith spans up blisse ; what sin, and death
 Put us quite from,
 Lest we should run for't out of breath,
 Faith brings us home ;
 So that I need no more; bue say
I do believe,
 And my most loving Lord straitway
 doth answer, *Live.*

v
 The Dawning.

AH ! what time wilt thou come ? when shall that crie
 The *Bridegroom's Comming* ! fil the sky ?
 Shall it in the Evening run
 When our words and works are done ?
 Or wil thy all-surprizing light
 Break at midnight ?
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
 Possesseth mad man without measure ;
 Or shal these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock thy bowres ?
 And with their blush of light descry
 Thy locks crown'd with eternitie ;
 Indeed, it is the only time
 That with thy glory doth best chime,
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Ful hymns doth yield,
 The whole Creation shakes off night,
 And for thy thadow looks the light,
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepie Planets set, and slumber,

The

The purple Clouds disband, and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter,
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far
 That morning-star ;

O at what time soever thou
 (Unknown to us,) the heavens wilt bow,
 And, with thy Angels in the *Van*,
 Descend to judge poor careless man,
 Grant, I may not like puddle lie
 In a Corrupt securitie,
 Where, if a traveller water crave,
 He finds it drend, and in a grave ;
 But as this restless, vocall *Spring*
 All day, and night doth run, and sing,
 And though here born, yet is acquainted
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
 So let me all my busie age
 In thy free services ingage,
 And though (while here) of force I must
 Have Commerce somtimes with poor dust,
 And in my flesh, though vile, and low,
 As this doth in her Channel, flow,
 Yet let my Course, my aym, my Love,
 And chief acquaintance be above ;
 So when that day, and hour shal come
 In which thy self wil be the Sun,
 Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
 Watching the Break of thy great day.

Admission.

Admission.

How shril are silent tears? when sin got head
And all my Bowels turn'd
To braise, and iron ; when my stock lay dead,
And all my powers mourn'd;
Then did these drops (for Marble sweats,
And Rocks have tears,)
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in thine Ears ;

2.

No quiet couldst thou have : nor didst thou wink,
And let thy Begger lie,
But e'r my eies could overflow their brink
Didst to each drop reply ;
Bowels of Love ! at what low rate,
And slight a price
Dost thou relieve us at thy gate,
And stil our Cries ?

3.

Wee are thy Infants, and suck thee ; If thou
But hide, or turn thy face,
Because where thou art, yet, we cannot go,
We fend tears to the place,
These find thee out, and though our sins
Drove thee away,
Yet with thy love that absence wins
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart ! a heart
After thy own, not mine ;
So after thine, that all, and ev'ry part
Of mine, may wait on thine ;

O hear ! yet not my tears alone,
 Hear now a flood,
 A flood that drowns both tears, and grones,
 My Saviours blood.

Praise.

King of Comforts ! King of life !
 Thou hast cheer'd me,
 And when fears, and doubts were rise,
 Thou hast cleer'd me !

Not a nook in all my Breast
 But thou fill'st it,
 Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
 But thou kill'st it ;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
 I wil praise thee,
 And as thou giv'st line, and length,
 I wil raise thee ;

Day, and night, not once a day
 I will blesse thee,
 And my soul in new array
 I will dresse thee ;

Not one minute in the year
 But I'l mind thee,
 As my seal, and bracelet here
 I wil bind thee ;

In thy word, as if in heaven
 I wil rest me,
 And thy promise 'til made even
 There shall feast me.

Then

Then, thy sayings all my life
They shal please me,
And thy bloody wounds, and strife
They wil ease me ;

With thy grones my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in thy death
I will treasure.

Though then thou art
Past thought of heart
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Accessse admit
From dust and dulness ;

Yet to thy name
(as not the same
With thy bright Essence,)
Our foul, Clay hands
At thy Commands
Bring praise, and Incense ;

If then, dread Lord,
When to thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flowre
Or (to his pow'r,)
Some such poor Off'ring ;

When thou hast made
Thy begger glad,
And fill'd his bosome,
Let him (though poor,)
Strow at thy door
That one poor Blossome.

Dressing.

Dressing.

O Thou that lovest a pure, and whitend soul !
 That feedst among the Lillies, 'till the day
 Break, and the shadows flee · touch with one Coal
 My frozen heart ; and with thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms ; my gloomie Brest
 With thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust
 These dark Confusions that within me nest,
 And soyl thy Temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd high-priest !
 The perfect, ful oblation for all sin,
 Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
 But even in babes doest triumph still and win,

Give to thy wretched one
 Thy mysticall *Communion*,
 That, absent, he may see,
 Live, die, and rise with thee ;
 Let him so follow here, that in the end
 He may take thee, as thou doest him intend.

Give him thy private seal,
 Earnest, and sign ; Thy gifts so deal
 That these forerunners here
 May make the future cleer ;
 Whatever thou dost bid, let faith make good,
 Bread for thy body, and Wine for thy blood
 Give him (with pittty) love,
 Two flowres that grew with thee above
 Love that shal not admit
 Anger for one shorr fit,
 And pittty of such a divine extent
 That may thy members, more than mine, resent.

Give

Give me, my God! thy grace,
 The beams, and brightnes of thy face,
 That never like a beast
 I take thy sacred feast,
 Or the dread mysteries of thy blest bloud
 Use, with like Custome, as my Kitchin food.
 Some sit to thee, and eat
 Thy body as their Common meat,
 O let not me do so!
 Poor dust should ly still low,
 Then kneel my soul, and body; kneel, and bow;
 If *Saints*, and *Angels* tal down, much more thou.

Easter-day.

THou, whose sad heart, and weeping head lyes low,
 Whose Cloudy brest cold dampns invade,
 Who never feel'st the Sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,
 But sitt'st opprest in the shade,
 Awake, awake,
 And in his Resurrection partake,
 Who on this day (that thou might'st rise as he,)
 Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake, awake; and, like the Sun, disperse
 All mists that would usurp this day;
 Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verse?
Hosanna! heark; why dost thou stay?
 Arise, arise,
 And with his healing bloud anoint thine Eys,
 Thy inward Eys; his bloud will cure thy mind
 Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

Easter

Easter Hymn.

DEath, and darkness get you packing,
 Nothing now to man is lacking,
 All your triumphs now are ended,
 And what *Adam* marr'd, is mended ;
 Graves are beds now for the weary,
 Death a nap, to wake more merry ;
 Youth now, full of pious duty,
 Seeks in thee for perfect beauty,
 The weak, and aged tir'd, with length
 Of daies, from thee look for new strength,
 And Infants with thy pangs Contest
 As pleasant, as if with the brest ;
 Then, unto him, who thus hath thrown
 Even to Contempt thy kingdome down,
 And by his blood did us advance
 Unto his own Inheritance,
 To him be glory, power, praise,
 From this, unto the last of daies.

The Holy Communion.

Welcome sweet, and sacred feast ; welcome life
 Dead I was, and deep in trouble ;
 But grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,
 That they have quicken'd even drie stubble ;
 Thus soules their bodies animate,
 And thus, at first, when things were rude,
 Dark, void, and Crude
 They, by thy Word, their beauty had, and date ;
 All were by thee,
 And stil must be,

Nothing

Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his Quicknings, and reprieves
As thy hand opes, or shuts ;
Healings, and Cuts,
Darkness, and day-light, life, and death
Are but neer leaves turn'd by thy breath.
Spirits without thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the Sun Ecclipses lie.
But that great darkness at thy death
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to thee ;
And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After thy blood
(Our sov'rain good,)
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight ;
Thou dost unto thy self betroth
Our souls, and bodies both
In everlasting light:

Was't not enough that thou hadst paid the price
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand :

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursed death.
But thou must also leave
To us that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals the means
That should both cleanse

And keep us so,
 Who wrought thy wo?
 O rose of *Saron*! O the Lilly
 Of the valley!
 How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
 Become both *food*, and *Shepherd* to thy sheep!

Psalm 121.

UP to those bright, and gladsome hills
 Whence flows my weal, and mirth,
 I look, and sigh for him, who sits
 (Unseen,) both heaven, and earth.

He is alone my help, and hope,
 that I shall not be moved,
 His watchful Eye is ever ope,
 And guardeth his beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,
 He is my Sun, and shade,
 The cold by night, the heat by day,
 Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
 Doth all their plots controul,
 And is a shield (not reckoning those)
 Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the Crowd,
 Or els within my door,
 He is my Pillar, and my Cloud,
 Now, and for evermore.

Affliction.

PEace, peace ; It is not so. Thou doest miscall
 Thy Physick ; Pils that change
 Thy sick Accessions into settled health,
 This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall
 To wine, and sweetness; Poverty to wealth,
 And brings man home, when he doth range.
 Did not he, who ordain'd the day,
 Ordain night too ?
 And in the greater world display
 What in the lesser. he would do ?
 All flesh is Clay, thou know'st ; and but that God
 Doth use his rod,
 And by a fruitfull Change of frosts, and showres
 Cherish, and bind thy *pow'rs*,
 Thou wouldst to weeds, and thistles quite disperse,
 And be more wild than is thy verte ;
 Sicknes is wholsome, and Crosses are but curbs
 To check the mule, unruly man,
 They are heavens husbandry, the famous fan
 Purging the floor which Chaff' disturbs.
 Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee
 should have no flowres,
 All would be drought, and leanness ; not a tree
 would make us bowres ;
 Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
 Which is not fixt, but flies, and flowes
 The settled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that rest
 Something of sickness would disclose.
 Vicissitude plaies all the game,
 nothing that stirrs,
 Or hath a name,
 But waits upon this wheel,
 Kingdomes too have their Physick and for steel,
 Exchange their peace, and furs.

Thus doth God *Key* disorder'd man
 (which none else can,)
 Tuning his brest to rise, or fall;
 And by a sacred, needfull art
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part
 Making the whole most Muscally.

The Tempest.

How is man parcell'd out? how ev'ry hour
 Shews him himself, or something he should see?
 This late, long heat may his Instruction be,
 And tempests have more in them than a showr.

*When nature on her bosome saw
 Her Infants die,
 And all her flowres wither'd to straw,
 Her brests grown dry;
 She made the Earth their nurse, & tomb,
 Sigh to the sky,
 'Til to those sighes fetch'd from her womb
 Rain did reply,
 So in the midst of all her fears
 And faint requests
 Her Earnest sighes procur'd her tears
 And fill'd her brests.*

O that man could do so! that he would hear
 The world read to him! all the vast expence
 In the Creation shed, and slav'd to sence
 Makes up but lectures for his eie, and ear.

Sure, mighty love foreseeing the discent
 Of this poor Creature, by a gracious art
 Hid in these low things snares to gain his heart,
 And layd surprizes in each Element.

All things here shew him heaven, *Waters* that fall
 Chide, and fly up; *Mists* of corruptest some
 Quit their first beds & mount; trees, herbs, flowres, all
 Strive upwards stil, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only *Earth*,
 And *Man* (like *Iffachar*) in lodes delight,
 Water's refin'd to *Motion*, Aire to *Light*, * *Light*,
 Fire to all * three, but man hath no such mirth. * *Motion*,
heat.

Plants in the *root* with *Earth* do most Comply,
 Their *Leafs* with water, and humiditie,
 The *Flowres* to air draw neer, and Tubtiltie,
 And *seeds* a kinred fire have with the sky.

All have their *keyes*, and set *ascents*; but man
 Though he knows these, and hath more of his own,
 Sleeps at the ladders foot; alas! what can
 These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Thus groveling in the shade, and darkness, he
 Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all
 He sees, (like *Pyramids*,) shoot from this ball
 And less'ning still grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he stil his durt; The *busse* he wears
 And painted trimming takes down both his eies,
 Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he splees,
 And money better musick than the *Spheres*.

Life's but a blast, he knows it; what? shal straw,
 And bul-rush-fetters temper his short hout.
 Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'r a slowt
 To crown his temples? shal dreams be his law

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy sight?
 How is it that the Sun to thee alone
 Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread, a stone?
 Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no light?

Lord ! thou didst put a soul here ; If I must
 Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
 Without a steel, O let thy power clear
 Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust !

Retirement.

Who on yon throne of Azure sits,
 Keeping close house
 Above the morning-starre,
 Whose meaner shewes,
 And outward utensils these glories are
 That shine and share
 Part of his mansion ; He one day
 When I went quite astray
 Out of meer love
 By his mild Dove
 Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

2.

Let it suffice at length thy fits
 And lusts (said he,)
 Have had their wish, and way ;
 Presse not to be
 Still thy own foe, and mine ; for to this day
 I did delay,
 And would not see, but chose to wink,
 Nay, at the very brink
 And edge of all
 When thou wouldst fall
 My *love-twist* held thee up, my *unseen link*.

3.

I know thee well ; for I have fram'd
 And hate thee not,
 Thy spirit too is mine ;
 I know thy lot,
 Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line
 Assigned thine ;
 If then thou would'st unto my seat,
 'Tis not th' applause, and feat
 Of dust, and clay
 Leads to that way,
 But from those follies a resolv'd Retreat.

4.

Now here below where yet unram'd
 Thou doest thus rove
 I have a house as well
 As there above,
 In it my *Name*, and *honour* both do dwell
 And shall untill
 I make all new ; there nothing gay
 In perfumes, or Array,
 Dust lies with dust
 And hath but just
 The same Respect, and room, with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithful school where thou maist see
 In Heraldric
 Of stones, and speechless Earth
 Thy true descent ;
 Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts, and mitth
 To funerals, and *Lent*.
 There dust that out of doors might fill
 Thy eies, and blind thee still,
 Is fast asleep ;
 Up then, and keep
 Within those doors, (my doors) dost hear ? *I will*.

Love, and Discipline.

Since in a land not barren stil
 (Because thou dost thy grace distil,)
 My lott is faln, Blest be thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kil
 Some tares in me which choke, or spil
 That seed thou sow'ft, Blest be thy skil !

Blest be thy Dew, and blest thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crost,
 And cur'd by Crosses at thy cost.

The Dew doth Cheer what is distrest,
 The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest,
 In both thou work'ft unto the best.

Thus while thy sev'ral mercies plot,
 And work on me now cold, now hot,
 The work goes on, and slacketh not.

For as thy hand the weather steers,
 So thrive I best, 'twixt joyes, and tears,
 And all the year have some grean Ears.

The Pilgrimage.

As travellours when the twilight's come,
 And in the sky the stars appear,
 The past daies accidents do summe
 With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then

Then *Jacob*-like lodge in a place
 (A place, and no more, is set down,)
 Where till the day restore the race
 They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
 And full of tossings too and fro,
 Expect stil when thou wilt appear
 That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for thee,
 For thee my words, my tears do gush,
O that I were but where I see!
 Is all the note within my Bush.

As Birds rob'd of their native wood,
 Although their Diet may be fine,
 Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
 But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head,
 And though thou dost me fullnes give,
 Yet look I for far better bread
 Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may
 Have yet more days, more nights to Count,
 So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
 That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. Cap. xi. ver. 13.

*And they Confessed, that they were strangers,
 on the earth*

The Law, and the Gospel.

LORD, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch
 And shine from *Paran*, when a fire Law
 Pronounc'd with thunder, and thy threats did thaw
 Thy Peoples hearts, when all thy weeds were rich
 And Inaccessible for light,
 Terrour, and might,
 How did poor flesh (which after thou didst weare,)
 Then faint, and fear !
 Thy Chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
 Whispet'd obedience, and their heads Inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to *Sion* came,
 And through thy bloud thy glory see,
 With filial Confidence we touch ev'n thee ;
 And where the other mount all clad in flame,
 And threatening Clouds would not so much
 As 'bide the touch,
 We Climb up thie, and have too all the way
 Thy hand our stay,
 Nay, thou tak'st ours, and (which ful Comfort brings)
 Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute
 And after all thy Acts of grace doth kick,
 Slighting that health thou gav'st, when he was sick,
 Be not displeas'd, If I, who have a sute
 To thee each houre, beg at thy door
 For this one more ;
 O plant in me thy *Gospel*, and thy *Law*,
 Both *Faith*, and *Awe* ;

So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may as wel as *Love*, find too thy fear!

4.

Let me not spil, but drink thy bloud,
Not break thy fence, and by a black Excess
Force down a Just Curse, when thy hands would bless;
Let me not scatter, and despise my food,
Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain;
So Shall thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
I know, thou'lt bear,
But should thy mild Injunction nothing move me,
I would both think, and Judge I did not love thee.

John Cap. 14. ver. 15.

If ye love me, keep my Commandements.

The World.

I Saw Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Dri'v'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd;
The doting Lover in his queintest strain
Did their Complain,
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wits so our delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
Yet his dear Treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eys did pour
Upon a flower.

Sour

The

2.

The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe
 Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
 He did nor stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scow
 Upon his soul,
 And Clouds of crying witnessess without
 Pursued him with one snout.
 Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found
 Workt under ground,
 Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
 That policie,
 Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,
 It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

3.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
 In feare of theeves.
 Thoufands there were as frantick as himself
 And hug'd each one his pelf,
 The down-right Epicute plac'd heav'n in sense
 And scornd pretence
 While others slipt into a wide Excesse
 Said little lesse;
 The weaker sort flight, triviali wares Inslave
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sate Counting by
 Their victory.

4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the King,
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light,
 To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shews the way,
 The way which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he.
 But as I did their madnes so discusse
 One whisper'd thus,
This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide
 But for his bride.

John Cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the
 Eys, and the pride of life, is not of the father, but is of the
 world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he
 that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

The Mutinie.

WEary of this same Clay, and straw, I laid
 Me down to breath, and casting in my heart
 The after burthens, and griefs yet to come,
 The heavy sum
 So hook my brest, that (sick and sore dismai'd)
 My thoughts, like water which some stone doth start

Did

Did quit their troubled Channel, and retire
 Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,
 They murmur'd fore; But I, who felt them boyl
 And knew their Coyl,
 Turning to him, who made poor sand to tire
 And tame proud waves, If yet these barren grounds
 And thirstie brick must be (said I)
 My taske, and Destinie,

2.

Let me so strive and struggle with thy foes
 (Not thine alone, but mine too,) that when all
 Their Arts and force are built unto the height
 That Babel-weight
 May prove thy glory, and their shame; so Close
 And knit me to thee, That though in this vale
 Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one Eie
 May look to thee, To thee the finisher
 And Author of my faith; so shew me home
 That all this some
 And frothie noise which up and down doth flie
 May find no lodging in mine Eie, or Eare,
 O seal them up! that these may flie
 Like other tempests by.

3.

Not but I know thou hast a shorter Cut
 To bring me home, than through a wildernes,
 A Sea, or Sands and Serpents, Yet since thou
 (As thy words show)
 Though in this desert I were wholly shut,
 Canst light and lead me there with such redress
 That no d day shal touch me; O be pleas'd
 To fix my steps, and whatsoever path
 Thy sacred and eternal wil decreed
 For thy bruise d reed

O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd
 Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath
 Nor grieve thy Dove, but soft and mild
 Both live and die thy Child.

Revel. Cap. 2. ver. 17.

*To him that overcometh wil I give to eat of the hidden
 Manna, and I wil give him a white stone, and in the stone a
 new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that
 receiveth it.*

The Constellation.

F Air, order'd lights (whose motion without noise
 Resembles those true Joys
 Whose spring is on that hil where you do grow
 And we here tast sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move
 Now beneath, and now above,
 And in your vast progressions overlook
 The darkest night, and closest nook !

Some nights I see you in the glad some East,
 Some others neer the West,
 And when I cannot see, yet do you shine
 And beat about your endles line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulnes with you
 Attend and wind the Clue,
 No sleep, nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
 Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He grops beneath here, and with restless Care
 First makes, then hugs a snare,
 Adores dead dust sets heart on Corne and grass
 But seldom doth make heav'n his glais.

Musick

Musick and mirth (if there be musick here)
 Take up, and tune his year,
 These things are Kin to him, and must be had,
 Who kneels, or sighs a life is mad.

Perhaps some nights hee'l watch with you, and peep
 When it were best to sleep,
 Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,
 When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*
 Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
 Where, though the glory differ in each star,
 Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since plac'd by him who calls you by your names
 And fixt there all your flames,
 Without Command you never acted ought
 And then you in your Courses fought.

But here Commission'd by a black self-wil
 The sons the father kil,
 The Children Chase the mother, and would hea!
 The wounds they give, by crying, zeale.

Then Cast her bloud, and tears upon thy book
 Where they for fashion look,
 And like that Lamb which had the Dragons voice
 Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars
 Our guides prove wandring stars,
 Which for these mists, and black days were reserv'd,
 What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee
 All crown'd with victory,

So guide us through this Darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love,
And taught obedience by thy whole Creation,
Become an humble, holy nation.

Give to thy spouse her perfect, and pure dress,
Beauty and holiness,
And so repair these Rents, that men may see
And say, *where God is, all agree.*

The Shepherds.

Sweet, harmles lives ! (on whose holy leisure
Waits Innocence and pleasure,)
Whose leaders to those pastures, and cleer springs.
Were *Patriarchs*, Saints, and Kings,
How happend is that in the dead of night
You only saw true light,
While *Polestine* was fast a sleep, and lay
Without one thought of Day ?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
' I was there first shown to you ?
Tis true, he loves that Dust whercon they go
That serve him here below,
And therefore might for memory of those
His love there first disclose ;
But wretched *Salem* once his love, must now
No voice, nor vision know,

G

Her

Her stately Piles with all their height and pride
 Now languished and died,
 And *Bethlems* humble Cott's above them steep
 While all her Seers slept;
 Her Cedar, firr, hew'd stones and gold were all
 Polluted through their fall,
 And those once sacred mansions were now
 Meer empriness and show,
 This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
 Yet where the shepherds watch,
 And Gods own lodging (though he could not lack,)
 To be a common *Rack*,
 No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie
 In those thin Cels could lie,
 Each stirring wind and storm blew through their Cott's
 Which never harbour'd plots,
 Only Content, and love, and humble joys
 Lived there without all noise,
 Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
 Did in their bosomes play,
 As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
 What springs or shades to look,
 But that was all ; And now with gladsome care
 They for the town prepare,
 They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
 All towards *Bethlem* walk
 To see their souls great shepherd, who was come
 To bring all straglers home,
 Where now they find him out, and taught before
 That Lamb of God adore,
 That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets wish'd
 And long'd to see, but mis'd.
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay
 And turn'd their night to day,
 But to this later light they saw in him,
 Their day was dark, and dim.

Miserie.

Misery.

Lord, bind me up, and let me lye
 A Pris'ner to my libertie,
 If such a state at all can be
 As an Impris'ment serving thee ;
 The wind, though gather'd in thy fist,
 Yet doth it blow stil where it list,
 And yet shouldst thou let go thy hold
 Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.
 As waters here, headlong and loose
 The lower grounds stil chase, and choose,
 Where spreading all the way they seek
 And search out ev'ry hole, and Creek ;
 So my spilt thoughts winding from thee
 Take the down-rod to vanitie ,
 Where they all stray and strive, which shal
 Find out the first and steepest fal ,
 I cheer their flow, giving supply
 To what's already grown too high,
 And having thus perform'd that part
 Feed on those vomits of my heart.
 I break the fence my own hands made
 Then lay that trespassse in the shade,
 Some fig-leafs stil I do devise
 As if thou hadst nor ears, nor Eyes.
 Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
 Take up my day, while thou dost shine
 All unregarded, and thy book
 Hath not so much as one poor look.
 If thou steal in amidst the mirth
 And kindly tel me, *I am Earth*,
 I shur thee out, and let that slip,
 Such Musick spoils good fellowship.

G 2

Thus

Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
 Exclude my dear God from my mind,
 Exclude him thence, who of that Cel
 Would make a Court, should he there dwell.
 He goes, he yields; And troubled fore
 His holy spirit grieves therefore,
 The mighty God, th' eternal King
 Doth grieve for Dust, and Dust doth sing.
 But I go on, haste to Devest
 My self of reason, till opprest
 And buried in my surfeits I
 Prove my own sname and miserie.
 Next day I call and cry for thee
 Who shouldst not then come neer to me,
 But now it is thy servants pleasure
 Thou must (and dost) give him his measure.
 Thou dost, thou com'st, and in a showr
 Of healing sweets thy self dost powr
 Into my wounds, and now thy grace
 (I know it wel,) fills all the place;
 I sit with thee by this new light,
 And for that hour th'art my delight,
 No man can more the world despise
 Or thy great mercies better prize.
 I School my Eys, and strictly dwell
 Within the Circle of my Cel
 That Calm and silence are my Joys
 Which to thy peace are but meer noise.
 At length I feel my head to ake,
 My fingers Itch, and burn to take
 Some new Imployment, I begin
 To swel and fome and fret within.

- “ *The Age, the present times are not*
 “ *To snudge in, and embrace a Cot,*
 “ *Action and bloud now get the game,*
 “ *Disdain treads on the peacefut name,*

*“ who sits at home too bears a load
“ Greater than those that gad abroad.*

Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with thee,
I'd loose those knots thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight or die.
Thousands of wild and waste Infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions,
As flames about their fuel run
And work, and wind til all be done,
So my fierce soul buffles about
And never rests til all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart
Which in thy musick bears no part
I storm at thee, calling my peace
A Lethargy, and meer disease,
Nay, those bright beams shot from thy eyes
To calm me in these mutinies
I stile meer tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are thy grace.

Such is mans life, and such is mine
The worst of men, and yet stil thine,
Stil thine thou know'st, and if not so
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easie 'tis for thee
To make man good, as bid him be,
And with one glaunce (could he that gain,)
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from thy holy hil
So much of strength, as may fulfil
All thy delight (what e'r they be)
And sacred Institutes in me;
Open my rockie heart, and fil
It with obedience to thy wil,
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but thee.

O hear my God ! hear him, whose blood
 Speaks more and better for my good !
 O let my Crie come to thy throne !
 My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
 (For tears alone are often foul)
 But with the blood of all my soul,
 With spirit-sighs, and earnest grones,
 Faithful and most repenting mones,
 With these I crie, and crying pine
 Till thou both mend and make me thine.

The Sap.

Come sapless Blossom, creep not stil on Earth
 Forgetting thy first birth ;
 'Tis not from dust, or if so, why dost thou
 Thus cal and thirst for dew ?
 It tends not thither, if it doth, why then
 This growth and stretch for heav'n ?
 Thy root sucks but diseases, worms there feat
 And claim it for their meat.
 Who plac'd thee here, did something then Infuse
 Which now can tel thee news.
 There is beyond the Stars an hil of myrrh
 From which some drops fal here,
 On it the Prince of *Salem* sits, who deals
 To thee thy secret meals,
 There is thy Country, and he is the way
 And hath withal the key.
 Yet liv'd he here sometimes, and bore for thee
 A world of miserie,
 For thee, who in the first mans loyns didst fal
 From that hil to this vale,

And

And had not he so done, it is most true
Two deaths had bin thy due ;
But going hence, and knowing wel what woes
Might his friends discompose,
To shew what strange love he had to our good
He gave his sacred bloud
By wil our sap, and Cordial ; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of blifs,
That, who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way,
Such secret life, and vertue in it lies
It wil exalt and rise
And aq̄uate such spirits as are shed
Or ready to be dead,
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure ;
There is at all times (though shut up) in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract ; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel wel : Then humbly take
This balm for souls that ake,
And one who drank it thus, assures that you
Shal find a Joy so true,
Such perfect Ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'l Confess the Comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from Heaven.

Mount of Olives.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and thy Joys
 Active as light, and calm without all noise
 Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my powr's
 Such a rich air of sweets, as Evening shows
 Fand by a gentle gale Convey and breath
 On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
 Odors, and Myrrh, and balm in one rich foud
 O'r-ran my heart, and spirited my bloud,
 My thoughts did swim in Comforts, and mine eie
 Confest, *The world did only paint and he.*
 And where before I did no safe Course steer
 But wander'd under tempests all the year,
 Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
 And was blow'n through by ev'ry storm and wind,
 I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
 That, midst all storms I feel a Ray of thee;
 So have I known some beauteous *Paisage* rise
 In suddain flowres and arbours to my Eies,
 And in the depth and deac of winter bring
 To my Cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by thee, who nost all beings nourish,
 My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish,
 I shine and shelter underneath thy wing
 Where sick with love I strive thy name to sing,
 Thy glorious name ! which grant I may so do
 That these may be thy *Praise*, and my *Joy* too.

Man

Man.

WEighing the stedfastness and state
 Of some mean things which here below reside,
 Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
 And Intercourse of times divide,
 Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrt
 Early, aswel as late,
 Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs ;

2.

I would (said I) my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man ! for these
 To his divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace ;
 The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
 The flowres without clothes live,
 Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

3.

Man hath stil either toyes, or Care,
 He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
 But ever restless and Irregular
 About this Earth doth run and ride,
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
 He sayes it is so far
 That he hath quite forgot heighr go there.

4 He

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
 Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
 Which in the darkeſt nights point to their homes,
 By ſome hid ſenſe their Maker gave ;
 Man is the ſhuttle, to whoſe winding queſt
 And paſſage through theſe looms
 God order'd motion, but ordain'd no reſt.

¶

I Walkt the other day (to ſpend my hour,)
 Into a field
 Where I ſometimes had ſeen the ſoil to yield
 A gallant flowre,
 But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious ſtore
 I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I whoſe ſearch lov'd not to peep and peer
 I'th' face of things
 Thought with my ſelf, there might be other ſprings
 Beſides this here
 Which, like cold friends, ſees us but once a year,
 And ſo the flowre
 Might have ſome other bowre.

3 Then

3.

Then taking up what I could neereſt ſpic
 I digg'd about
 That place where I had ſeen him to grow out,
 And by and by
 I ſaw the warm Reclufe alone to lie
 Where freſh and green
 He lived of us unſeen.

4.

Many a queſtion Intricate and rare
 Did I there ſtrow,
 But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
 Such loſſes as beſel him in this air
 And would e'r long
 Come forth moſt fair and young.

5.

This paſt, I threw the Clothes quite o'r his head,
 And ſtung with fear
 Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
 upon his bed,
 Then ſighing whiſper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
What peace doth now
Rock him aſleep below?

And

6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
 From a poor root
 Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot
 And hath no wings
 To raise it to the truth and light of things,
 But is stil trod
 By ev'ry wandring clod.

7.

O thou ! whose spirit did at first inflame
 And warm the dead,
 And by a sacred Incubation fed
 With life this frame
 Which once had neither being, forme, nor name,
 Grant I may so
 Thy steps track here below,

8.

That in these Masques and shadows I may see
 Thy sacred way,
 And by those hid ascents climb to that day
 Which breaks from thee
 Who art in all things, though invisibly ;
 Shew me thy peace,
 Thy mercy, love, and ease,

9. And

9.

And from this Care, where dreams and sorrows reign
 Lead me above
 Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true Comforts move
 Without all pain,
 There, hid in thee, shew me his life again
 At whose dumbe urn
 Thus all the year I mourn.

Begging.

King of Mercy, King of Love,
 In whom I live, in whom I move,
 Perfect what thou hast begun,
 Let no night put out this Sun ;
 Grant I may, my chief desire !
 Long for thee, to thee aspire,
 Let my youth, my bloom of dayes
 Be my Comfort, and thy praise,
 That hereafter, when I look
 O'r the sullyed, sinful book,
 I may find thy hand therein
 Wiping out my shame, and sin.
 O it is thy only Art
 To reduce a stubborn heart,
 And since thine is victorie,
 Strong holds should belong to thee ;

Lord

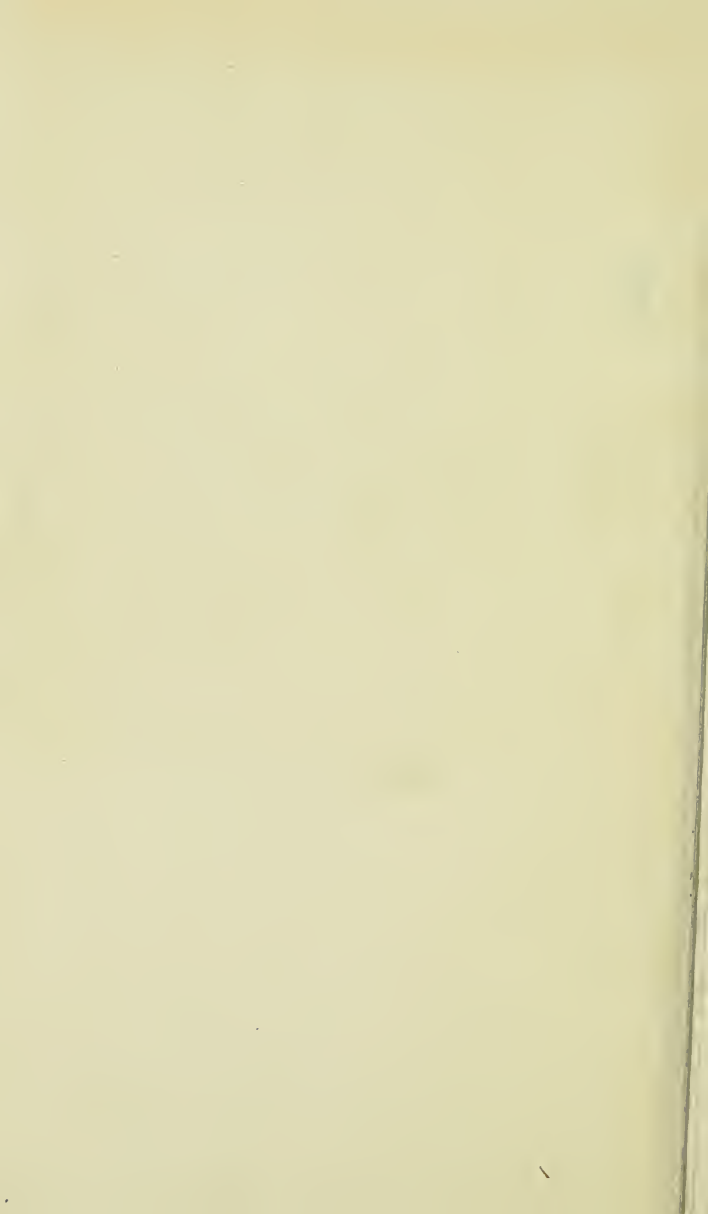
Lord then take it, leave it not
 Unto my dispose or lot,
 But since I would not have it mine,
 O my God, let it be thine !

Jude ver. 24, 25.

*Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,
 To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty,
 Dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.*

FINIS.





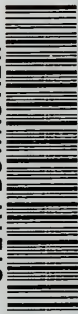
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